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THE PENNY

JANUARY 9, 1897

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AND + ILLUSTRATED TIMES

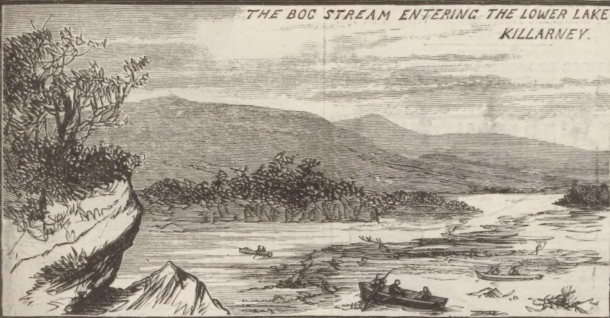
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THE PENNY LAWYER.

"Lex" will be happy to answer, in this column short and simple questions of law. Queries should be addressed to "The Editor," 10, Milford Lane, Strand, London, and must be accompanied by the proper names and addresses in confidence. Replies given to queries are not published. Questions must be written on one side of the paper only. No replies can be sent direct by post.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LEWIS TO KNOW.—You should have had a proper agreement in writing when you paid the deposit. If there was any verbal arrangement that you were to receive the rent from a certain date you might succeed in recovering it.

TRINER (Stockport).—(1) Yes. (2) No, but if the daughter has means she could be compelled to support her mother. (3) No.

T. S.—You should have attended the court and disputed your liability.

T. H.—Pay the money, and thus rid yourself of any further annoyance.

SNOOKS.—Consult a solicitor and lay all the facts before him.

SCARBOROUGH.—The demand for *The Penny Illustrated Paper* continues to be so great that no wonder you find it often difficult to get a copy of the paper sent. You should do what I recommend every reader to do—ask your local agent to supply the P.I.P. regularly every Friday morning all the year round.

J. E. LESLIE.—The mother could claim the child.

J. E. T.—Retain the piano. P. C. R.—No.

B. B.—Write to the Vicar-General, Doctors' Commons, London.

JUSTITIA.—It is much better that you should employ a solicitor, as the work is too technical for you. You should do as several correspondents sent their queries too late to be answered this week.

LEX.

The Funeral of the Rev. Dr. Herber Evans. Principal of the North Wales Congregational College, took place last Monday at Bangor. About five thousand people attended. Among the mourners were Messrs. Bryn Roberts, M.P., W. Jones, M.P., and Lloyd George, M.P., and the Mayors of Bangor and Beaumaris. The Rev. Job Miles, of Aberystwyth, officiated.

The Charming "Circus Girl." is drawing all playing London to the Gaiety; and the pretty and songful, graceful and pliant young actress who sustains the title part has had a narrow escape from a dangerous street accident. As Miss Ethel Haydon was returning home after the performance at the Gaiety Theatre on Friday night the brougham in which she and her father were riding was run into by a hansom cab in Piccadilly and overturned. All the windows were smashed, but, fortunately, both the occupants escaped without serious injury. The bewitching "Circus Girl" mounts her stool on the Gaiety stage as deftly as ever.

Collier Thomas's Claim to Nine Millions.—There will shortly come before the London courts for trial a will suit in which a claim to a sum of £9,000,000 will be made by a Welsh collier. The claim, in which the initial proceedings have just been taken, concerns the right to the Drymham estates, with an annual rent-roll of £300,000, capitalised at £9,000,000. In addition the claimant will, if successful, acquire the title to a sum of £3,000,000, at present lying in Chancery. The claimant is Mr. Nathaniel Richard Thomas, a Cefn collier, and in all probability he will be joined by his stepbrother, Mr. David Meredith. The contest will, it is said, develop some very startling stories and family history. Among the estates involved is the Maesgwynen Hall Estate, held by Mr. William Williams, ex-M.P. for Swansea, and Olyngholm, near Swansea, held by Mr. J. Davies.

"As there has been a vast increase in the demand for 'The Penny Illustrated Paper' this year, and as each week's issue is very quickly sold out, readers desirous of securing copies without fail are earnestly advised to instruct at once their local newsgather to send them the Paper regularly each week throughout the New Year."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

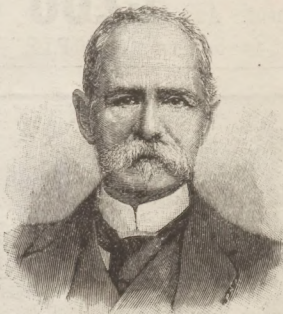
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All communications referring to Advertisements, Subscriptions, or General Business to be addressed to the Publisher, HENRY JAMES TAYLOR, 10, Milford Lane, Strand, London.

Talk of London.

LORD ROBERTS'S BOOK.

THE Commander-in-Chief and Field-Marshal Lord Roberts are both military historians. Their valuable critical articles in the *Talk of London* Magazine a year or so ago—Lord Wolseley's on Napoleon and his great rival's on Wellington's career—were read with the interest they richly merited. But Lord Roberts is first



FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS, V.C.

AUTHOR OF THE BOOK OF THE WEEK:

"FORTY-ONE YEARS IN INDIA."

in the field with a work on his own instructive experiences as a soldier in India. A proved friend of Tommy Atkins, the hero of the historic march from Cabul to Candahar during the Afghan War—a General of such high standing that England would, with the fullest confidence, entrust him with the command of her Army in the field in the event of a great European War breaking out, which there is, happily, no fear of at the present moment—the Commander of the Forces in Ireland has this week gained fresh honour. The book of the week is by Lord Roberts. He entitles his work "Forty-one Years in India"; he has performed his literary task in two substantial volumes, which are issued by Bentley and Son. What a full life "Fighting Bobs" is to recount! With breathless interest will be read his stirring story of the Indian Mutiny, and of the splendid heroism with which British soldiers quelled the rising. Lord Roberts's engrossing life is, in a word, instinct with the pluck and generosity which made him the idol of our troops in India, and which affection inspired him to write this noble tribute to the men he led so well in Afghanistan.

Riding through the Bolan Pass I overtook most of the regiments of the Kabul-Kandahar Field Force marching towards Sibi, thence to disperse to their respective destinations. As I parted with each corps in turn I had played "And Lang Syne," and I have never since heard that memory-stirring air without its bringing before my mind's eye the last view I had of the Kabul-Kandahar Field Force. I fancy myself crossing and re-crossing the river, which winds through the pass; I hear the martial beat of drums and plaintive music of the pipes; and I see riflemen and Gurkhas, Highlanders and Sikhs, guns and horses, camels and mules, with the endless following of an Indian army, winding through the narrow gorges, or over the interminable boulders which made the passage of the Bolan so difficult and wearisome to man and beast. I shall never forget the feeling of sadness with which I said good-bye to the men who had done so much for me. I looked upon them as Native as well as British, as my valued friends. And well I might, for never had a Commander been better served.

Mr. Tree's New Theatre.

The new theatre which Mr. Tree intends to open this spring occupies about one third of the space at the bottom of the Haymarket, where Her Majesty's Theatre and the buildings surrounding it formerly stood. It will be named "Her Majesty's," the Queen last June having graciously given permission to Mr. Tree to use the original title. The new house will be larger than the present Haymarket Theatre, and will occupy the entire frontage of Charles Street. Beside it will arise a bright new arcade with shops. There will also be shops and a grand hotel in Pall Mall; but the old Colonnade vanishes altogether. In the centre of the block residential chambers are to be erected, looking out on a pretty garden court, communicating by means of the new Arcade with the most dismal Opera Arcade, which must remain as it is until the leases expire. At the corner of Pall Mall and the Haymarket a French café will be found. The actual size of the new Her Majesty's will be about the same as the Lyric—

Large Enough for Shakspeare

and small enough for "Triby," or any other modern play. It is planned to accommodate a large audience, and being entirely above ground and almost isolated, splendid ventilation will be secured. The mechanical means for producing brilliant stage illusions will include some novel effects suggested by Mr. Tree himself. At

present there is no sign of any decorative work, but that will be pushed on rapidly, as

Mr. Tree Shortly Returns from America. where he has astonished and delighted everybody by his splendid acting as Svengali. As soon as he reaches England he will devote himself entirely to the new theatre, where it is doubtful if "The Seats of the Mighty" will be chosen as the opening play, owing to the coolness of its reception at Washington. Mr. Tree intends that in beauty of decoration and completeness of stage appointments Her Majesty's shall be unsurpassed.

The Old "Her Majesty's."

The first theatre erected on the site was built by Sir John Vanbrugh, and opened April 9, 1705, with an opera, "The Triumph of Love," which only ran three nights. After that comedy was tried, with Mrs. Bracegirdle as the leading lady. Then the house was managed by Owen McSwiney, whose name does not suggest operatic tastes; but the theatre prospered better with operas, and Handel produced several, also the first oratorio heard in this country, which was "Esther," in 1732, the beautiful pasted "Acis and Galatea" being produced in the same year. "The King's Theatre," as it was then called, was burnt down in 1789. It was rebuilt in the following year from the designs of a Polish architect, Novosielski. It was sold in 1814 to a Mr. Waters for £70,000. Famous performers have trod that stage. Brumm made his debut there in 1796, and Mrs. Billington was one of the comedy stars; while at a later period, Pasta, Sontag, Grisi, Lablache, Mario, and other great vocalists appeared there. When our gracious Queen came to the throne in 1837, the house was called "Her Majesty's," and the celebrated Mr. Lumley, who published a book on his career, was the manager for eighteen years. Under his régime the famous Rachel appeared, and the famous riots occurred in which Prince George of Cambridge led the attack on the management because the great vocalist Tamburini was not engaged.

Sir Henry Irving

Unfortunately Sir Henry Irving has not had that Happy New Year which everybody wished him. But his kindly nature has triumphed over pain and vexation; and we all gladly hear that his medical men say he is progressing well, although the date of his reappearance is doubtful. Meanwhile "Cymbeline" without him and Miss Ellen Terry failed to draw, and in consequence the Lyceum Theatre is closed until Sir Henry is able to tread its classic stage once more. Miss Ellen Terry, needing rest and change, has gone to Monte Carlo, taking with her

"Madame Sans Gêne"

to study. Mr. H. J. Loveday, Sir Henry's tried and trusted stage manager and friend, is starting rehearsals of the above play, but it will entirely depend upon Sir Henry's progress whether it will be produced. There is no chance of seeing "Richard III." for a long time to come. In fact, nothing can or will be decided until the brilliant actor-manager is, so to speak, "on his legs again."

Mr. Bram Stoker.

Sir Henry Irving's devoted right-hand man, a scholar, a genial gentleman, and a Royal Humane Society Medalist, is also an accomplished novelist. I remember the sensational use he made in one of his stories of a terrible morning bog, such as, unhappily, destroyed the Donnelly household on Lord Kenmare's estate on the last Monday in the Old Year.

A Chimney-Pot Hat Centenary.

Lord Ronald Gower vainly hoped to abolish the chimney-pot hat. It still covers, if it does not adorn, millions of heads; and the haters of America are about to celebrate its introduction in 1797. "Mad as a hatter" used to be a familiar saying. Possibly the haters of the great Republic are a little crazy, for they say that so long as the frock coat is in vogue the "stove-pipe" hat will keep it company. But the idea of a chimney-pot hat centenary is preposterous. But there is a kind of silent worship of this ugly head-gear even yet in England. A few years ago the portrait of an eminent public man was rejected at the Royal Academy because the artist had depicted him in a felt hat of a then popular shape.

Trentham Hall.

Trentham Hall, Staffordshire, where the Prince and Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria are this week visiting the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, is described in Earl Beaconsfield's "Lothair" as "an Italian Palace of freestone, vast, ornate, and in scrupulous condition; its spacious and graceful chambers filled with treasures of art, the palace itself rising from statued and stately terraces." Half a century ago it was remodelled by Sir Charles Barry, who made it one of the finest aristocratic residences in the world. The river Trent, flowing through the park, which is level but picturesquely timbered, forms a beautiful lake. The gardens are of exquisite beauty, and Art rivals Nature in the interior of the Hall, the pictures being of immense value. Yet this "palace," as the author of "Lothair" rightly calls Trentham Hall, is only tenanted during the hunting season by the popular young nobleman whose charmingly graceful, beautiful, and accomplished wife makes one of the very best of hostesses.

The Statue of Boadicea.

It was proposed by some members of the London County Council to erect a bronze statue of the late Mr. Thornycroft's Boadicea, and to place it in some prominent position. But where? The bones of Boadicea were said to be on Parliament Hill, Tower Hill, St. Albans, and several other places. Antiquarians have

done a lot of digging, but without finding the remains. Meanwhile, the General Purposes Committee of the L.C.C. say they have no right to spend public money on statues of ancient Queens. Therefore, we are not likely to see Boadicea on Parliament Hill or elsewhere in bronze or in marble. Tennyson wrote some stirring lines about Boadicea. They will be her best—and, perhaps, her only record—for modern admirers of the heroic Queen of Ancient Britain.

The Marchioness of Salisbury.

Although Lady Salisbury has recovered from her late severe attack, she is still weak, and is going to Deauville to avoid the keen winds of our English spring.

Lord Salisbury

hopes to spend April also at Deauville without interruption to State affairs, as the Queen will be quite near at Cimiez. Meantime, the Prime Minister has taken up his abode at Arlington Street.

Mr. Cooper, R.A.

the veteran Royal Academician, has commenced to paint already in the pleasant meadows by the Stour at Canterbury. He is in his ninety-fourth year, but loves his art as much as ever, and intends to send an important cattle picture with a pleasing rustic background to the Exhibition at Burlington House in May next.

Lord Leighton's Works.

All who are interested in art should pay an early visit to the Royal Academy, where, in place of an exhibition of "Old Masters," we have this winter a noble collection of the late President's pictures. Her Majesty and other royal and aristocratic owners have lent Sir Frederick (or Lord) Leighton's masterpieces freely; and they make a most attractive show. It is remarked with surprise how well the colours stand. This result is owing to the late artist having painted "thinly." The recent so-called "Realistic school" is remarkable for the manner in which the colours are heaped on the canvas. It produces bold effects, but in a few years the colour cracks in all directions; while some of Lord Leighton's pictures, painted nearly forty years ago, are almost as fresh and well preserved as on the day they left his studio. There are other useful lessons for young painters in this exhibition—which is really an eloquent proof of Lord Leighton's marvellous industry, mastery of anatomy, and the most exquisitely beautiful colouring, granted that most of the fair faces the great painter limned of late years were impressive. But look at that charmingly natural embodiment of pure young love, the gem beside the grand painting of "Cimabue's Madonna" in the large room. I refer to "Whispers" (No. 66)—the glowing picture of a loving couple whose tenderly clasped hands tell the old, old story. An admirable print has added to the popularity of this finished example of Leighton's best style. It is matched in delicate beauty, refinement, and sympathy by "Amor's Madonna" (No. 171), realising so gracefully Sir Theodore Martin's translation of Catullus—

Then bending gently back her head,
With that sweet mouth so rose red,
Upon his eyes she dropped a kiss,
Intoxicating him with bliss.

I need hardly add the handsome face of Lord Leighton himself was sadly missed at the Private View last Saturday. But Sir E. Poynter, the new President, right courteously and modestly received the principal guests.

The Press and the Poor.

I am reminded by the magnitude of the *Refugee's* Dinner Fund for Poor Children of the days of auld lang syne when my friend George B. Sims started what has grown to be one of London's noblest institutions. It was about the time his most sympathetic melodrama "The Lights of London," brought fame and fortune to Sims. When Wealth knocked at his door in the Camden Road, it occurred to him and to his good wife (well does the figure of an angel guard her tomb in Highgate Cemetery for Mrs. Sims was a true Angel of Mercy), to see for themselves some of the direful poverty of this overgrown city, and to offer relief and spread enjoyment where possible. Thus they came across Mrs. Burghin, the kind-hearted School Board Mistress of the Orange Street Schools, the organiser for Mr. Sims of numbers of pleasant summer excursions from the Mint; and the lady who distributes so wisely and well the hundreds and hundreds of pounds now subscribed annually to the *Refugee's* Poor Children's Dinner Fund. Many of us have relished our own Christmas dinners all the more heartily, no doubt, by reason of reasonable contribution to Mrs. Burghin's splendid charity. The *Refugee's* example has been followed by more than one paper. I was, for instance, invited on Tuesday to the New Year's Party given by the *Westminster Gazette* and the *Westminster Budget* to two hundred poor old men and women in the crypt of St. Peter's Church, Walworth. There was high tea, followed by high glee; and seasonable gifts were presented to the veterans. The East-End rejoices in the open-handed hospitality of the *Pall Mall Gazette* to poor waifs and strays. Altogether public charity is helped substantially by the London Press. Apropos of newspapers, it is a fact that Mr. Ernest T. Hooley bought the *San* of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P.; and the *San*



ST. PETER'S, WALWORTH.

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It is very gratifying and encouraging to receive so many eulogistic letters from all parts of the world, and to know that *The Penny Illustrated Paper* is a welcome guest throughout the Queen's realm in this memorable year of Her Majesty's glorious record reign.

It is for our faithful friends by recommending all their friends to subscribe likewise to *The Penny Illustrated Paper* to add in 1897 even to our present enormous sale.

Delilah.

BY **ADELIN SERGEANT,**

Author of "Jacob's Wife," "A Life Sentence," "A Rogue's Daughter," etc.

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"YOU'RE on the Duke's land, sure enough, Miss. I ought to know, having been brought up on the estate, man and boy, for five and thirty years."

He was neither more nor less than a labourer; yet Kitty—all her friends called her Kitty—thought as she sat on a heap of stones by the roadside and looked at him that she had seldom seen a goodlier man. He had the gravity, the steadfastness of the rustic expression, but his brown head was well modelled and set grandly upon his massive shoulders, and his limbs were as the limbs of Hercules. He stood, with a cart-whip in his hand, looking down at her, while the great brown horse that drew the wagon waited in the road with a patience like his own.

Kitty wondered whether he admired her. She liked to be admired by everyone she met. It was a weakness of hers; but one that she was never afraid to confess.

"I can't help it," she would say apologetically. "I am miserable if I am not admired." It must be added that she was seldom miserable on that account.

She was smaller than it is now the fashion for girls to be, but so graceful, so well proportioned, so harmonious in line and feature, that the impression she gave was invariably pleasant. She was a brunette, with dark hair playing in soft tendrils over her forehead, with brilliant dark eyes, and a complexion of white and red which was rare in its perfection. There was such a sparkle and glow of colour in her face that you had to look twice before you saw that its features were finely and delicately cut, and that every detail of line and contour was as exquisitely finished as if carved by a Greek sculptor. There was no doubt about it, Kitty was a beauty; and will perhaps go down to posterity as such in the canvases of the greatest painters of our day!

Gabriel Woodford did not know that she was a beauty. He looked on her only as a smallish young woman with a fine colour, who seemed to have been riding one of those new-fangled machines called bicycles, and had met with an accident and smashed her wheels to pieces. Serve her right, too! What business had a woman on dusty things like these?

Kitty sat on the heap of stones and laughed. She was a little inclined to cry, if the truth were told! for she had cut her hand and bruised her ankle, and did not in the least know how she was going to get home that night. She had lost her way completely, and the September days were not very long; it must be after six, and she should get into dreadful trouble if she were not home by eight.

Could she persuade this man, she wondered, to drive her and her bicycle to the lodge? Then she could leave her bicycle there, and walk demurely up the avenue to the house without letting it be known that she had come to grief. Kitty was rather afraid of being laughed at, although she pretended to be strong-minded now and then.

"Have you really been here thirty-five

years?" she demanded, keeping her innocent eyes fixed upon Gabriel Woodford's handsome rustic face. "Everybody must know you very well—and trust you too."

"They all know me, of course," said Gabriel, stolidly. He did not see what that had to do with the question. "Yes, you're on the Duke's ground, Miss. I take it you've lost your way."

"Indeed I have—and broken my bicycle too. I wonder what I am to do!" she said with an air of perplexity. "How shall I get home?"

"Where is your home?" Gabriel asked, glancing at his horses.

"I'm staying at Cheveley; you know the village of Cheveley? If you were going in that direction—"

"I wasn't going 'quite' that way, Miss; but I don't mind setting you along the road as far as you want to go, if you like. There's room for you and your velocipede in the cart."

"It isn't a velocipede; it is a bicycle," remarked Kitty with dignity. Then, remembering her manners, she added sweetly: "But it's very kind of you, and I shall be delighted—if it isn't taking you too far out of your way."

"Not a bit of it. My time's my own now; it's after six, and Farmer Jones won't mind my taking the horse on to Cheveley to oblige a lady. Where shall I drop you, Miss?"

"Put me down at the porter's lodge by the big gates of the Park," she said hastily. "I've friends there."

"Jump up, then," said Gabriel. "It's a good long drive, and we've no time to waste."

Kitty jumped up laughing; then turned grave for a moment, and hesitated. A good long drive? Suppose she met anyone she knew? Suppose—

"Will it take more than an hour?" she said anxiously. "I ought to be home soon after seven."

"I'll get you home by a quarter past," said Gabriel. "Woe there, Primrose! Now, then, Missy!"

His eyes dwelt upon her dress with inexpressible astonishment. She had forgotten till that moment that she was wearing a divided skirt—the newest thing in cycling costumes. She had been proud of it until that moment: his expression gave her a moment's uneasiness; she wondered what he thought of her. But the feeling passed; she sprang lightly to the seat beside the driver, gathering the reins in her hand while he lifted the *débris* of the bicycle into the back part of the wagon; then, soberly and seriously, he mounted to his place, took the reins, and drove slowly along the lonely country road.

For a little time there was absolute silence; then Kitty spoke.

"It's very convenient to be able to bicycle in these country lanes, Mr.—Mr.—"

"My name's Gabriel Woodford. No Mistakes for me, thank you, Miss."

"Why not?" said Kitty curiously.

"I don't hold with it. I think people should be called by their plain Christian name, not by titles made of men."

"Yet you call me 'Miss'!"

"I'm bound to pay a lady some respect," said Gabriel a little shyly; then, gathering his forces, if I knew your name I'd maybe prefer to call you by it."

She laughed.

"My name's Kitty," she said. "And I've often heard of you."

"Kitty? It's a nice, soft, pretty little name," he answered, "and suits you down to the ground, it does. But you mightn't like it from such a man as me."

"What does it matter?" she asked recklessly. "We're all alike in the sight of Heaven—are we not?"

"I think so. But there's distinctions of rank and custom and duty. I've no wish to offend anyone unnecessarily by forgetting these things, little though they do appear to me."

"Let us forget them for a little while—just during this drive, at any rate!" she cried. "You shall call me Kitty, and I will call you Gabriel—just for this once." She looked as if she had taken a sudden resolution.

"And why should it be for once only?" said Gabriel, stimulated to strange ardour by the music of her voice, the charm of her glancing eye.

But Kitty thought, perhaps, that he was going too far; for she resumed in more measured tones, without taking any apparent notice of his remark.

"From what you say you must be a Radical?"

"Yes, I am—a strong Radical."

"And yet you are on the Duke's estate?"

"Is the Duke such a tyrant that he expects his carter and ploughman to think as he does?"

"No, no; not the present Duke, at any rate. The old Duke was rather particular, wasn't he?"

"He was a narrow-minded old Tory," said Gabriel severely; "but I think he had more sense of duty than his sons."

"What have they done to offend you?" said Kitty.

"They've not offended me. It's nothing personal. But the Duke—I hear he spends all his time in going to races, gambling, seeing plays, and dancing at balls. He and his wife seem to go from one big house to another, without ever thinking of the responsibilities of their estate."

"Perhaps they don't know what the responsibilities are."

"There's many a one could tell 'em. There's a deal of misery and extortion and petty tyranny on the estate, which the young Duke could put

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an end to in a moment if he knew of it; but where's the use of talking? He don't know, and never will."

"Why don't you go and tell him?"

"Me! He'd never listen to me."

"Then why don't you try to tell his wife?"

"She'd order me out of her presence, Kitty, without hearing a word I had to say. There, I don't know why I'm so free with you; but it seems as though you were one of my own sort, easy to talk to, and apt to understand."

"I'm glad you feel that; go on talking, Gabriel," said Kitty.

"I don't know what to say when you put it that way. I'm no hand at talking, but I shall have a try at speaking in public next week, when Lord Robert comes to contest the election. I'm going to say my say on Clinton's side."

"Clinton is the Radical candidate, isn't he? And Lord Robert is—the Duke's brother?"

"That's it."

"Won't you get yourself into trouble by doing that?"

"Maybe. Yes, I shall get the sack, no doubt. Me and my mother live in a little house that we've rented ever since I can remember, but I shall be told to go. The bailiff's been to me already to say so. If I open my mouth about the election, he says, he'll drive me out of the parish."

"And yet you mean to speak?"

"It's my duty to speak against the wickedness and thoughtlessness of the landlords, and the need of electing men who will vote for the nationalisation of the land," said Gabriel Woodford.

"Oh, what a pity!" said his companion. "You see you are putting yourself at such a disadvantage. You'll be turned out of the place, you say—though I don't suppose the Duke would allow such injustice if he knew it—and never be able to do any more good at all. Now, wouldn't it be better to approach things in a quieter way?"

"To get hold of the Duke or Duchess for instance, and tell them all that is going on? Or Lord Robert, even; he's really anxious to do his duty, I believe."

Gabriel laughed a little rudely.

"Girls like you know nothing about politics," he said. "I'm anxious about the country—not only about this parish or myself."

"Oh!" said Kitty. Then she added with bewitching demureness—

"I suppose I'm very ignorant. I won't talk about what I don't understand. Only, you know, I don't think you'd be sent away out of the parish. I feel as if I'd known you quite a long time."

"Do you live in Cheveley?" said Gabriel, curiously.

"I—I stay there sometimes."

"I should like to come and see you."

"You shall," said Kitty firmly.

He got his left hand free from the whip and reins, and managed to insinuate it half round her waist. She started a little, but she did not push it away.

"Kitty, will you walk out with me sometimes, if I come to see you at Cheveley?"

"Why, yes—if you come to see me," she said, with some hesitancy, but an odd smile upon her lips. "Perhaps—some day—I might come to see you too."

"I've never before met a girl that I liked so much," said Gabriel. "If you could like me a little—"

"I like you a great deal," she said frankly; but a troubled look began to show itself in her lovely eyes.

"Will you give me a kiss, Kitty darling?"

He felt her figure leap, as it were, in his clasp; then she quieted herself, but turned away her face.

"I don't know you well enough for that," she said in rather a different voice.

"I don't mean any disrespect," said Gabriel anxiously. "You seem like a queen to me. But you draw me to you in a strange way. My heart seems to go out to you as it never did to anyone before—"

"Oh, hush, hush!" said Kitty. "Please don't go on; let me be quiet a little while—let me think."

Gabriel was instantly silent, but he did not altogether renounce his aim.

They jogged on for some time in absolute stillness, until the red chimneys of Cheveley came into sight. Then Kitty roused herself.

"Mr. Gabriel," she said, looking into his face with an alluring sweetness which he could hardly understand. "I think you are a good, true man, although your wits work quicker than mine are able to do. See, I want to make a bargain with you. Don't oppose Lord Robert at this election. Don't get yourself into trouble with the agent. It is a useless fight, and one that will be no good to anybody. Promise me you won't."

"You want Lord Robert to get in?" he asked quickly.

"Yes, I do."

"A little. He may be a Tory, but he is a good man."

"Clinton is a good man, too," said Gabriel.

"He may be. But—I have heard things I don't like, and—I want Lord Robert to get in."

"What is he to you?"

"Nothing—noting at all. But promise me not to speak against him. He has been very kind to me."

"Has he ever made love to you?" fiercely.

"Never." Kitty laughed, as if she could not help it, at the very idea. "But I want him to succeed, and I should like to save you from getting into difficulties—as you probably will if you speak in Mr. Clinton's favour."

"I won't vote for Lord Robert."

"Then don't vote at all, and be my friend."

The twilight was beginning to fall, the trees on each side the road looked like dim indis-

tinguishable shapes, and the evening star shone full in front of the horse's nose. There was a dreamy stillness in the air, and Gabriel bent his head close to the girl's soft face.

"Kitty, I'll do what you ask if you'll give me a kiss before we say good-bye. We're near the lodge now."

"You'll not meddle with the election?"

"If you ask me not," said Gabriel, with a groan.

She put up her face—gravely, he noticed—and let him kiss her on the cheek.

"Mind," she said, holding a warning finger towards him, "I've bought your allegiance!"

"You may trust me," he said ardently, as he helped her down from the cart, and saw her pass through the postern-door at the side of the great iron gates. She turned and waved her hand to him with a gleaming smile, then, as the lodge-keeper appeared, she said a word to him and flitted up the avenue towards the Castle, where a great dinner party and ball were arranged for that evening, and people were already fuming and fretting over Kitty's prolonged absence.

"What's she going to the Castle for?" said Gabriel, looking after her stupidly.

"Why shouldn't she go?" said the lodge-keeper as he began to remove the broken wheels and indiarubber tyres from the cart. "Ain't it her proper place?"

"Why, who is she?"

"You don't mean you've never seen her? She's come down about her brother-in-law's election—Lord Robert, you know. She's wild for him to get in. Why, man, she's the Duchess!"

Gabriel turned away.

THE END.

STORY FOR NEXT WEEK'S "P.I.P."

MRS. PONSONBY'S DREAM.

By B. M. CROKER.

Rural Life.

BY THE "P.I.P." COTTAGE FARMER.

Feeding Wild Rabbits.



PEOPLE who profess to know a lot about it, say that one cannot feed wild rabbits. I know a gamekeeper who believes that wild rabbits will not eat hay. The practised rabbit farmer knows that in very severe weather rabbits can fast—do fast, I should say—for several days sometimes, and that,

when they do come out, ravenously hungry, they will eat almost anything. The weather where I am at present has been very severe, and we have a lot of rabbits to feed, probably a thousand or more. We had to use about

Four Sacks of Swedes a Day till we got them to take hay. After they took to hay we left off the turnips entirely. The reasons for having to feed rabbits in hard weather and to keep them alive after the usual time for killing them off are: (1) They are worth the most money in the markets in January and February. (2) They sell well in those months for stocking new places with, and (3) It is necessary to keep our own breeding stock in good condition, so as to have their first litters coming as early in the spring as possible. If they are given to wild rabbits, simply laying it about in armfuls on the ground, they will spoil the greater part of it.

My Plan is to Make a Few Net Hay-Racks

of lengths of wire netting. I use the 4 ft 2 in. wide mesh netting. Each net is about three yards long. It is suspended between two stakes driven into the ground. Only an hour or two before writing this I had been filling nets with hay for rabbits, and it occurred to me that a sketch of one of the nets would make a good one for the column just now.

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body, so I can scarcely call them all white. But they have so bred for years back, and they are as wild and hardy as wild rabbits can be. Anent

The Weight of Wild Rabbits.
It seems to be increasing. I have weighed several this winter that drew 4 lb. Our friend the enemy in Belgium, who sends us the skinned rabbits the markets are so full of, beats us considerably in average weight; but his animal is the Belgian hare-rabbit hybrid, and it is long, lean, and bony compared with what our wild ones are, and has no wild rabbit flavour.

Seasonable Gardening.
There is much to commence upon now that the new year is begun. A deal of early garden work depends on the weather. If it be dry and clear

Peas and Beans May be Sown
at once. Beans are safe after they come up in almost any weather. Peas need a little protection. The best plan to protect peas is to cover them lightly either with bracken or chaff or with a very light mixture of chaff and ashes. More urgent garden work is such as digging and manuring. Onion ground may now be prepared, and the seeds may be sown any time: the soil will work finely afterwards. In the fruit side of the garden apples should be taking up a lot of attention.

The Apple

is our principal long-lasting fruit, and a good stock of such a sample as this in the fruit-room

just now is something worth keeping. Apples of the quality I have named above will keep for five or six months. They need a cool, dry room, and to be spread out thinly on shelves. They also require sorting over now and then, so that any that are falling or going bad may be removed. This is seasonable work for those who have had forethought about their last year's crop of apples. Other work of the season is

Pruning and Manuring.

Pruning may extend to the roots of fruit-trees and be very beneficial. Two classes of trees gain if they be properly so dealt with. Fine young trees that have grown big, but do not bear, will do so heavily the first season afterwards if they be root-pruned. Old, half-worn, and bark-bored trees, as well as all trees that have their roots in bad soil, benefit greatly by having them well pruned in. Rambling roses are bad conveyers of plant food.

Fowls, Ducks, Geese, or Turkeys?

It is a question worth asking just now, what kind of poultry stock to add to one's present lot. For a poultry fancying amateur who does not care for exhibiting, I would recommend keeping plenty of sorts. If he be a keen exhibitor, and he be doing a good variety well, and can develop, I would say try another as distinct from that he has on hand as possible. If for a profit scheme, I would say keep to one till you can do it well, and then gradually take up another, but never let it take the lead till it too pays. Every new thing should be made to pay its way. Of course, I exclude first cost, and I do not forget that finding money for first cost means sometimes almost everything. There is money in everything in the poultry world. The question is how to draw it out. I met with a woman last week, who is drawing it out capably by doing a lot of business for a lot of foolish people. She goes round among them and buys up their poultry—ducks pay her best—and she kills, plucks, and takes it to a market town two days a week. She has a big country district to huckster in all to herself, and she is making money fast.

A Poultry Crammer.

Several readers have asked me to write about and illustrate a poultry-cramming machine. It is a very simple contrivance, with a squirt or pump arrangement attached on by a foot lever. A. The nozzle needs a length of indiarubber or vulcanite tubing fixing on to it, and at the other end of the tubing there should be a mouth-piece to put into the mouth of the fowl, so as to connect it on to the machine. When the lever is pressed a quantity of the soft food that has already been placed in the funnel C is forced along the tubing and, through the fowl's neck, into its crop. The principal and most difficult matters are to get the food right, and not to over-gorge.

A Good Paper for Dog Fanciers

is the *Stock-Keeper*, edited so well by that enthusiast, Mr. George K. Krehl. It boasts a

host of canine advertisements. Indeed, the Queen herself sells her surplus dogs through the *Stock-Keeper*, which appeals also to breeders of poultry, pigeons, rabbits, and all pets, and is published for twopenny every Friday at 77, Fleet Street, E.C.

White Wild Rabbits.

Reply to "Alexis."—Where to get white wild rabbits? I know of none to sell. I may have some myself next year at this time, but that is too far ahead to talk about at present. A very fine price, I should think, would be asked for those I saw, as would be for my own if I wished to sell any.

Best Fowls to Keep.

Reply to "An Interested Reader."—If you mean money-making, keep either a good table breed or a breed of non-sitters for getting plenty of eggs. It is difficult to select a breed for you without further particulars. Please write again.

"P.I.P."

Living in an out-of-the-way part of the country, you should subscribe at the office in advance, so as to make certain of receiving *The Penny Illustrated Paper* regularly at the end of the week. Each reader who finds it difficult, owing to the increasing public demand for the P.I.P., to secure a copy for certain, should also send the subscription to the office.

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N.B.—The writer of "Rural Life" will be pleased to reply to correspondence sent to him through the Editor of *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, 10, Milford Lane, Strand, London.

(Continued each week in the P.I.P. To secure your weekly copy you should request your newagent to supply the "P.I.P." regularly all the year round.)

DRAUGHTS.

ANXIOUS.—Yes; the one win is enough when the remaining games are drawn.

VERITAS.—(1) An elegant problem, but the idea originated with Tegedine, and has often appeared. (2) Cannot say. In future please state name and address.

W. GIBSON.—Your ingenious problem shall appear in due course.

W. E. STEVENING.—"Tonar's Handicap Scale," 21d. post free. Apply to J. Gould, 24, South Street, Middlesex.

N. S. N.—Item was in hand. Good wishes reciprocated.

W. NEAL (Calcutta).—Contributions receiving attention.

* Other replies held over till next week.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 109.—By A. ROACH.

Black on: 5, 8, 11, 16, 18, 22, 24, 26, 32k.
White on: 9, 14, 23, 27, 31, 36, 15k, 20k.

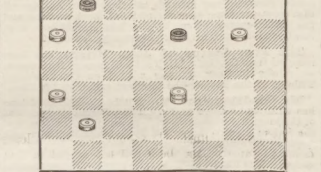
White to move, and win.

15 19 28-19 20 21 5-14 6 2
24-15 10 7 19-28 3 19 22-25
14 10 32-23 7 3 18-22 2 7

White wins.

PROBLEM No. 110.—By J. BEATTIE (Chatham).

BLACK.



White to move, and win.

GAME No. 85.

Played between Messrs. G. W. THOMAS (Black) and MACKENZIE (White). With instructive notes by Mr. J. H. Bailey.

"Bristol Cross" (1); Mr. Thomas's move.

11-16a 9-13 7-11d 7-11 6-9
23 18 27 23 23 18 32 27 5 1
16-20 12-22 14-23 1-5 10-14
24 19b 25 9 27 18 22 17 18 9
10-14 5-14 2-7 5-9 11-18
15 15c 29 25 25 22 17 14 23 14
7-10 3-7 11-16 10-17 16-32
22 17 31 27 26 23 21 5

Abandoned as a draw.

(a) This, after the 11-15 opening, is the strongest Black can adopt.

(b) By this move White lays a nice trap: if Black should reply 8-11, then 19 15, 10-19, 18 14, 9-18, 22 8, 4-11, 27 24, 20-27, 31 8, and White wins.

(c) 26 23 is a stronger line, but the text move leads to interesting variations.

(d) This move loses. The correct line is 20-24, 27 20, 7-11, 22 17, 11-27, etc.

(e) Instead of 23 18, play 21 17, 11-18, 26 22, 14-21, 23 7, 2-11, 19 16, 12-19, 27 24, and try as he will Black cannot draw.

A NEW CHAMPIONSHIP CUP FOR LONDON.

Mr. W. Belcher, president of the Ludgate Draughts Club, St. Andrew's Restaurant, E.C., generously offers to provide a new Challenge Cup (value £5 to £10) for the Championship of London. The details will be arranged by a committee. If any members of the "Old Cup Committee," or any prominent players, will communicate with Mr. W. Belcher, or Mr. W. J. Morris, of 10 and 16 respectively, Springfield Road, Surbiton, arrangements can soon be completed and the competition opened. The "Old Cup" was finally won by Mr. Alfred Jordan, champion of England.

TORACONISTS COMMENCING.—Illustr. Catalogue (220 pages), 3d. Tobacconists' Outfitting Co., 181, Easton Rd., London. A reputation of fifty years.—MGR. HY. MYERS.—(ADVT.)

Bosalinda's London Fashions.



side a jetted buckle fastens three black ostrich-tips.



A Picturesque Hat for the New Year.

A Pretty Afternoon Gown of Japanese Silk and Velvet forms the subject of Fig. 2. It is of very pale green, with leaves and pattern of olive green. The waist portion of bodice is of olive-green velvet, the silk



The Latest Afternoon Gown.

drawn in folds across it and fastened by two green velvet rosettes. Over the shoulders comes a square collar of the velvet; over that a square collar of white lace, the throat being finished by folds of the silk, and a velvet rosette on the left side. The sleeves are tight, but full at the shoulders; skirt is quite plain.

A Smart Yet Inexpensive Fancy Dress Costume has now to be described. It would do for a



Piquante Fancy Dress.

"Maggie" Daily Press (black and white), or if red be substituted for the white, the dress would represent Rouge et Noir. Black and white satin is quite good enough to

make this dress successful, but it could of course be bettered in black and white satin. The bird could easily be procured at a draper's, black, and the necessary bits of white on the plumage could be painted in Chinese white. If the wearer should have black hair, the effect may be greatly heightened by powdering one side of it. Jet and diamonds might be worn if ornaments are desired, but it is better to keep the costume simple, without any. Most graceful of all dresses I have noticed at a Covent Garden *Dei Masque* were acorn-plated dominies.

CHESS.

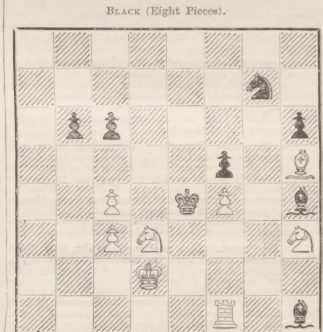
CONDUCTED BY I. GUNSBERG.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 152.

1. Q to R 4th, K to Q 6th. 2. P takes P Mate
1. " K to B 5th. 2. P takes P
1. " P takes P. 2. R takes P "

PROBLEM No. 153.—By W. BROWN.

BLACK (Eight Pieces).



WHITE (Eight Pieces).

White to play, and mate in three moves.

LASKER v. STEINITZ.

We continue the match series.

TENTH GAME.

WHITE (Lasker). BLACK (Steinitz).
1. P to R 4th. 2. P to R 4th. 3. P to R 4th. 4. P to R 4th. 5. P to R 4th. 6. P to R 4th. 7. P to R 4th. 8. P to R 4th. 9. P to R 4th. 10. P to R 4th. 11. P to R 4th. 12. P to R 4th. 13. P to R 4th. 14. P to R 4th. 15. P to R 4th. 16. P to R 4th. 17. P to R 4th. 18. P to R 4th. 19. P to R 4th. 20. P to R 4th. 21. P to R 4th. 22. P to R 4th. 23. P to R 4th. 24. P to R 4th. 25. P to R 4th. 26. P to R 4th. 27. P to R 4th. 28. P to R 4th. 29. P to R 4th. 30. P to R 4th. 31. P to R 4th. 32. P to R 4th. 33. P to R 4th. 34. P to R 4th. 35. P to R 4th. 36. P to R 4th. 37. P to R 4th. 38. P to R 4th. 39. P to R 4th. 40. P to R 4th. 41. P to R 4th. 42. P to R 4th. 43. P to R 4th. 44. P to R 4th. 45. P to R 4th. 46. P to R 4th. 47. P to R 4th. 48. P to R 4th. 49. P to R 4th. 50. P to R 4th. 51. P to R 4th. 52. P to R 4th. 53. P to R 4th. 54. P to R 4th. 55. P to R 4th. 56. P to R 4th. 57. P to R 4th. 58. P to R 4th. 59. P to R 4th. 60. P to R 4th. 61. P to R 4th. 62. P to R 4th. 63. P to R 4th. 64. P to R 4th. 65. P to R 4th. 66. P to R 4th. 67. P to R 4th. 68. P to R 4th. 69. P to R 4th. 70. P to R 4th. 71. P to R 4th. 72. P to R 4th. 73. P to R 4th. 74. P to R 4th. 75. P to R 4th. 76. P to R 4th. 77. P to R 4th. 78. P to R 4th. 79. P to R 4th. 80. P to R 4th. 81. P to R 4th. 82. P to R 4th. 83. P to R 4th. 84. P to R 4th. 85. P to R 4th. 86. P to R 4th. 87. P to R 4th. 88. P to R 4th. 89. P to R 4th. 90. P to R 4th. 91. P to R 4th. 92. P to R 4th. 93. P to R 4th. 94. P to R 4th. 95. P to R 4th. 96. P to R 4th. 97. P to R 4th. 98. P to R 4th. 99. P to R 4th. 100. P to R 4th.

WHITE (Steinitz). BLACK (Lasker).
1. P to R 4th. 2. P to R 4th. 3. P to R 4th. 4. P to R 4th. 5. P to R 4th. 6. P to R 4th. 7. P to R 4th. 8. P to R 4th. 9. P to R 4th. 10. P to R 4th. 11. P to R 4th. 12. P to R 4th. 13. P to R 4th. 14. P to R 4th. 15. P to R 4th. 16. P to R 4th. 17. P to R 4th. 18. P to R 4th. 19. P to R 4th. 20. P to R 4th. 21. P to R 4th. 22. P to R 4th. 23. P to R 4th. 24. P to R 4th. 25. P to R 4th. 26. P to R 4th. 27. P to R 4th. 28. P to R 4th. 29. P to R 4th. 30. P to R 4th. 31. P to R 4th. 32. P to R 4th. 33. P to R 4th. 34. P to R 4th. 35. P to R 4th. 36. P to R 4th. 37. P to R 4th. 38. P to R 4th. 39. P to R 4th. 40. P to R 4th. 41. P to R 4th. 42. P to R 4th. 43. P to R 4th. 44. P to R 4th. 45. P to R 4th. 46. P to R 4th. 47. P to R 4th. 48. P to R 4th. 49. P to R 4th. 50. P to R 4th. 51. P to R 4th. 52. P to R 4th. 53. P to R 4th. 54. P to R 4th. 55. P to R 4th. 56. P to R 4th. 57. P to R 4th. 58. P to R 4th. 59. P to R 4th. 60. P to R 4th. 61. P to R 4th. 62. P to R 4th. 63. P to R 4th. 64. P to R 4th. 65. P to R 4th. 66. P to R 4th. 67. P to R 4th. 68. P to R 4th. 69. P to R 4th. 70. P to R 4th. 71. P to R 4th. 72. P to R 4th. 73. P to R 4th. 74. P to R 4th. 75. P to R 4th. 76. P to R 4th. 77. P to R 4th. 78. P to R 4th. 79. P to R 4th. 80. P to R 4th. 81. P to R 4th. 82. P to R 4th. 83. P to R 4th. 84. P to R 4th. 85. P to R 4th. 86. P to R 4th. 87. P to R 4th. 88. P to R 4th. 89. P to R 4th. 90. P to R 4th. 91. P to R 4th. 92. P to R 4th. 93. P to R 4th. 94. P to R 4th. 95. P to R 4th. 96. P to R 4th. 97. P to R 4th. 98. P to R 4th. 99. P to R 4th. 100. P to R 4th.

WHITE resigns.

EMIGRATION: TRUSTWORTHY FACTS.

WE may inform several correspondents that there are issued at the Emigrants' Information Office, 31, Broadway, Westminster, S.W., the January Official Circulars and annual Handbooks, showing the present prospects of emigration. It is too early in the year for the ordinary emigrant to go to Canada; the beginning of April is the best time to start.

Mining, especially gold-mining, has developed greatly during the last year in the Kootenay districts of British Columbia, and large numbers of miners have gone to that province. The gold-mining industry round the Lake of the Woods, and Rat Portage, in Western Ontario, is also showing good progress.

In Western Australia the Government is spending large sums of money on public works and buildings, and there is a good demand for mechanics, more especially for carpenters and bricklayers. Engine-drivers have also been in demand. Gold-miners have been busy, and there is a good demand for men at the Coolgardie and Murchison Gold Fields. There is also a good demand for cooks and general female servants, to whom free passages to Western Australia are given. Apply for conditions to the Secretary, Emigrants' Information Office, 31, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.

At Capetown the hours for carpenters and joiners have in nearly all cases been reduced from fifty-one a week to forty-eight, and the wages been raised from £3 a week to £3 6s. Large numbers of persons continue to arrive in Cape Colony from England and Australia, and many find much difficulty in getting work.

In Natal the local supply of labour is quite sufficient. Recruiting in England for the Cape and Natal Police Forces has ceased.

St. Thomas Charterhouse (Wm. Rogers' Memorial Fund) School.—The success of this school last year in winning scholarships was unique. The pupils won scholarships to the value of £1377, and fourteen local exhibitions.

ASTOR'S SOVEREIGN EDUCATION course Rheumatism, Sprains, Aches, Wounds, is 12d., by post of the Proprietors, 15, 31.—ASTOR'S CHURCH CO., Birmingham.—(ADVT.)

HOW THE WORLD WAGS.

HER MAJESTY remains at Osborne with her faithful companion H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg and children. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught returned on Monday to Baginbode. The Queen has ordered a new royal yacht to be constructed to take the place of the *Victoria and Albert*. On Jan. 30 there will be a large gathering of the Royal Family in the memorial chapel of Prince Henry of Battenberg, that being the anniversary of his lamented death.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Princess Victoria and attended by Miss Knollys and Captain Holford, left Sandringham last Monday for Trentham on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland. During his stay in Staffordshire the Prince good-naturedly consented to lay the foundation-stone of the Sutherland Institute at Loughton, which was founded for the purpose of educational advancement of the potters, ironworkers, colliers, and their wives and children.

Her Majesty and the Emperor of Austria. A new Vienna Society paper, *Die Elegante Welt*, is informed that the Emperor Francis Joseph, who is to leave about the middle of February for Cap St. Martin, will again have an interview with the Queen, and that he will then be invited, as the *doyen* of the Continental Sovereigns, to attend her Majesty's Jubilee. The invitation, says this paper, will be accepted.

Princess Christian visited St. Mark's Middle School, Grove Road, Windsor, last Saturday evening, for the purpose of distributing some clothing sent by the ladies of the Berks and Bucks Needlework Guild (of which Princess Henry of Battenberg is President) to the women whose children, during their mothers' employment, are attended to at the local infant nursery.

The German Emperor Sensibly Sets his Face against Duelling.—The Kaiser on New Year's Day issued an order against the duelling of officers. His Majesty therein says it is his will that the passion for duelling shall cease in Germany. Each officer is bound to report every cause of quarrel to the Court of Honour before taking any measures in the matter himself. The Court of Honour is then bound to settle the quarrel peacefully, and the text of its decision is to be made public.

The Enthronement of Dr. Temple, the New Archbishop of Canterbury, at Canterbury Cathedral, on Friday, Jan. 8, is bound to be a most impressive ceremony, and is sure to enjoy a signal advantage over the confirmation rite at Bow Church, Chapside, in that there will be no opening for any incongruous element, such as the Rev. Mr. Brownjohn, who there appeared in the unwelcome form of an adverse interrogator. This is not the first time that Dr. Temple has been publicly



THE RIGHT REV. DR. TEMPLE, THE NEW PRIMATE.

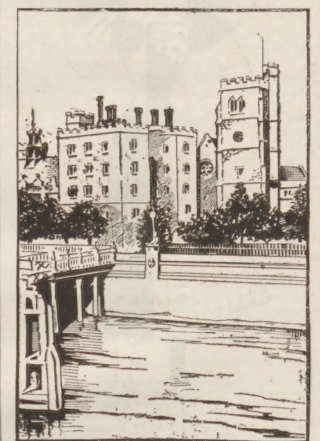
protested against, for when he was appointed Bishop of Exeter there was a great outcry. He had been one of the authors of the volume called "Essays and Reviews," and though his own contribution to it was as strictly orthodox as could be desired, some of the writers of the other essays were less conservative. Among them were Professor Jowett and Mark Pattison; and the confirmation of Dr. Temple at Bow Church was the scene of a very decided protest by a number of Churchmen. He has one recommendation for the Archbishopric in that he has seen a great deal of the world. His father was a soldier, and he was born in the Ionian Islands, once a British possession. His early days were passed at Hurdell's School, Tiverton. He was a Fellow of Balliol, then Principal of Keble Hall, which was a training-college for Church schoolmasters, near Twickenham; then an Inspector of Training Schools; and in 1858 Head Master of Rugby. One of his pupils there was Mr. P. C. Selous, who has told how he robbed the future Archbishop's pear-tree, and narrowly escaped capture. In 1869 Dr. Temple went to Exeter. Then he was made Bishop of London. As Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Temple is on his trial.

To Canterbury's Ancient Cathedral will the thoughts of a multitude of English Christians besides those who are members of the Church of England be directed at the close of the week which is to see the Right Rev. Dr. Temple enthroned as Primate. No other Cathedral city has so deeply interesting a history. Canterbury has an abiding place in the history of England. It was at the end of the sixth century that St. Augustine came from Rome to convert King Ethelbert, who, under the persuasion of pious Queen Bertha, withdrew his Court to the old Roman Castle of Reculvers, and gave to the monks and priests his own palace and city. Upon the site of the ancient Roman-British Church, founded by the King Lucius, recently recalled to mind by Sir Henry Irving's stupendous revival of Shakespeare's "Cymbeline," the timber-built edifice of the Minster was reared by Saxon hands. But Christ Church, Canterbury, was thenceforth to be the headquarters of English religious society. True, the building was burnt down, and its ministers were slaughtered by the Danes in the eleventh century. But soon came the Normans, and Archbishop Lanfranc, followed by Anselm, raised a goodly and substantial structure of stone. It was in 1170 that Archbishop Thomas à Becket (a character Sir Henry Irving so vividly brought to life in Tennyson's historic play at the Lyceum) was murdered. Four years later the choir and other parts of the Norman edifice were destroyed by fire. Its rebuilding was immediately commenced under William of Sens. The nave of the Cathedral was rebuilt in the fourteenth century; and the transepts were completed in the reign of Edward III. The Christ Church Gate (the late Samuel Rodd's fine drawing of which we reproduce) was built in 1517, not long before the suppression of the Monastery. One of the most remarkable episodes chronicled in Canterbury Cathedral was

The Penance Done by King Henry II. for his sin in consenting to the murder of Thomas à Becket. The penitent King walked barefoot through the town from St. Dunstan's to the Cathedral, knelt in the "Martyrdom

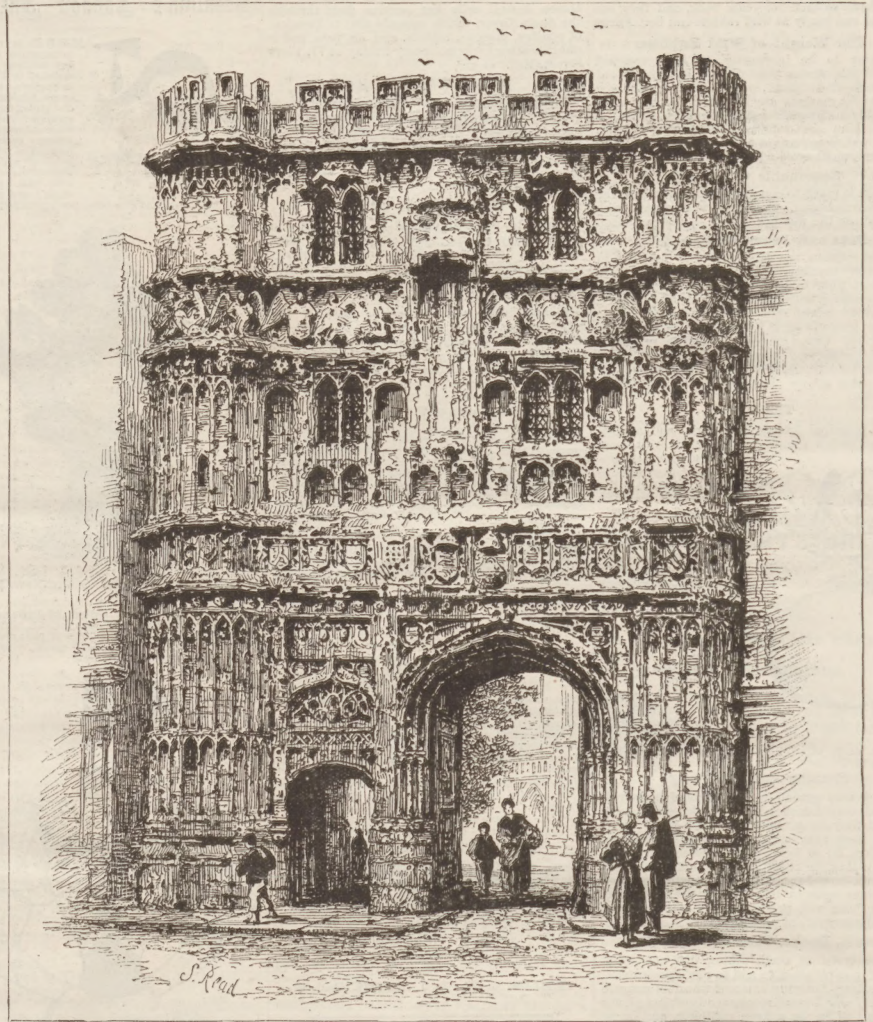
transept" to pray, and was afterwards led to the crypt, where, with head reverently bent over Becket's tomb, he received three strokes of the rod from each of the eighty monks, and five laid on by each of the Bishops and Abbots present. But we imagine those Bishops' chances of preferment were poor who laid on vigorously.

Lambeth Palace, the London Residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, is a building of some antiquity, and stands facing the river Thames at Lambeth. Despite its lowly surroundings, the Palace is a very comfortable dwelling-place. It boasts a magnificent and valuable library, replete with ecclesiastical and other tomes of priceless value. Here the famous trial of the Bishop of Lincoln took place, and here are held the Lambeth Conferences, which meet at stated intervals to discuss matters connected with Church government and discipline. There is also a picture gallery, containing, among other art treasures, portraits of successive Archbishops. It is rather a strange thing that it was only a few months ago discovered that Lambeth Palace was not insured, an extraordinary oversight, although no amount of insurance money could replace the



LAMBETH PALACE AND PIER.

Read the "ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE" all the Year Round, 6d. Monthly.



CANTERBURY: CHRIST CHURCH GATE.

artistic treasures if they were unfortunately destroyed. Judging by its exterior, no one would imagine that the palace possessed any grounds attached to it, but for all that there are some spacious and well kept gardens, and the garden-parties given by the late Archbishop were functions for which invitations were eagerly sought.

The Poor Statue of John Bright has been removed from the Central Hall of the Houses of Parliament, we rejoice to hear. It was a libel on the handsome Tribune of the People—the foremost orator of his time.

Mr. Gladstone and the Sultan.—Mr. Gladstone has addressed a letter to Dr. Cumin, Paris correspondent of the *Journal Cerrere di Napoli*, in which he declares that the Sultan deceives himself if he hopes to continue with impunity his system of cruelty, insolence, and lies, for the moment is approaching which will put an end to that system. The Bishop of St. Asaph approved the ceremonial to be observed in connection with the dedication of the Armenian Martyrs' Memorial at Hoxton on Wednesday, at which he arranged to be the officiating prelate. Mrs. Gladstone last Saturday received a host of congratulations on her eighty-fifth birthday.

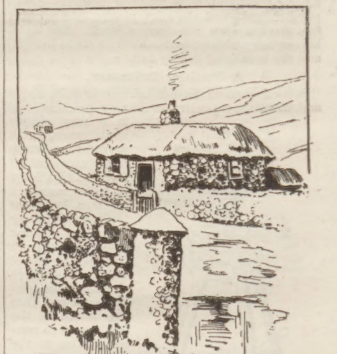
Sir Charles Dilke on the Radical Campaign in Parliament.—One of the most experienced and sagacious of our statesmen, the virtual author of the new form of local self-government, and generally the most accomplished of Parliamentary men, Sir Charles Dilke, for one, is undisturbed by the conflict of opinion as to the leadership of the Liberal Party. He spoke right out last Monday, on which day he addressed a meeting of his constituents at Newent, Gloucestershire. Sir William Wedderburn, Bart., M.P., who resides in the division, presiding over a large and enthusiastic gathering. Sir Charles, who was accorded a most hearty reception, said that Sir William Wedderburn and he were both of them members of the advanced Radical section of the House of Commons, who acted together in regard to many questions coming before the House. Those who so acted did not attempt to strive for unanimity among themselves upon all questions, but there were questions upon which they were unanimous and upon which they went beyond the Liberal leaders. With regard to the Education Bill of the first part of next Session they would not doubt be able to co-operate with Sir William Harcourt. As regarded the military and naval measures which would divide with the Education Bill the time given to practical work before March 31, they might be divided, but there were questions which would be mentioned upon the Address in which advanced Radicals would be found acting together on behalf of principles which were too often forgotten by both sides. Such were, for example,

The Forcible Conversion to Islam by Troops of the Amir of Afghanistan of the people of Kabristan, who had not been ours to hand over to him, but who had virtually been handed over by a convention made by us, and had been shamefully used by the troops practically armed and paid by us, and in a manner which could have been guarded against by foresight. Another question upon which Radicals felt strongly, and upon which they were agreed, and on which the front benches also needed to be kept up to the mark, Sir Charles Dilke remarked, was that of

A Minimum Wage in Government Employment, which would be raised at a meeting to be held at Woolwich, where the case had been strongly investigated

by Radical members, and where the worst of the existing conditions would be found to prevail and the clearest case, which had indeed been presented on their behalf to Parliament by Captain Cecil Norton last year, but the remedy has not yet been applied. (Cheers.) The meeting concluded with votes of thanks to Sir Charles Dilke and Sir William Wedderburn. Sir Charles addressed other meetings of his constituents before returning to London.

The Lamentable Irish Bog Slide.—The devastation caused by the sliding of a bog in Ireland has given us a glimpse of a natural phenomenon with which we in this country are unfamiliar. The district affected is known



DONNELLY'S HOUSE

WHICH WAS SWEEPED AWAY WITH THE DOOMED FAMILY.

as Quarry Lodge, from a quarry of limestone belonging to Lord Kenmare. It is in the extreme east of County Kerry, between Killarney and King Williamstown. The house of the quarry foreman, Donnelly, who perished with his family, we all grieve to learn, was of the ordinary description in this part of the country. It was one story high, with a kitchen, which served as the family day-room, and two bed-rooms opening out of it. Another room had been recently added. The walls were of rough rubble masonry, and the roof was thatched. The house was situated near the road leading to King Williamstown, and its position was never regarded as

dangerous. The bog was called "Bogohanyim," or the Bog of the Mule, and was some two hundred acres in extent, and 30 ft. deep in parts. Heavy rain, accompanied by a storm, set in on Sunday week, Dec. 27, and during the night the peasants were awakened by a strange sound as if an earthquake were taking place. On the Monday morning (Dec. 28), when the people were going to the Killybegs market, they were panic-stricken with what they saw. The roads were impassable, and a regular peaty river was floating away towards the south. The family that had disappeared lived near the Quarry Lodge. The father, Con Donnelly, had charge of the quarry under Lord Kenmare, and there lived with him his wife and six grown-up children. They went to bed on the Sunday night at an early hour, and on the Monday morning there was no trace of them or their house or cattle. All must have been swept away by the moving bog, which flowed like a river of peat. A dog belonging to Con Donnelly survived the disaster, and remained whining round the spot where his master's house had stood. A daughter of Donnelly's had a narrow escape. She left her home on the fatal Sunday night, having spent the Christmas holidays with her family for the first time for sixteen years. Coroner McCarthy held an inquest last Wednesday week on the body of

Con Donnelly and Hannah, His Wife. The inquiry took place in the village school, the proceedings being watched by an anxious crowd of peasantry. The evidence went to show that the bodies were discovered by the search parties, who were forced to wade a considerable distance through the peaty mire in order to convey them to hard ground. This operation was attended with



MAP SHOWING LOCALITY OF THE IRISH BOG DISASTER.

much danger. Both bodies were void of clothing, but there was a necktie on the man. Dr. O'Sullivan, of Rathmore, certified that death was due in each case to suffocation. The jury returned a verdict in accordance with the medical testimony, and added as the recommendation the peasantry for their bravery in risking their lives in recovering the bodies. Immediately after the inquest the bodies of Donnelly and his wife were interred in the graveyard in the presence of a large assemblage. An inquest was held on Jan. 1 on the body of Daniel Donnelly. The evidence showed that the body of Donnelly's son, who was about sixteen years of age, was found about a mile and a half from the cottage. Testimony was borne by the police and the coroner to the brave efforts which the peasantry had made in the endeavour to recover the bodies. An effort is being made to raise a fund to compensate them, and Father O'Sullivan, the parish priest of Rathmore, has already received £50. Doubtless, many readers of the P.I.P. will hasten to add their mites. A verdict similar to that in the first case was returned. The body of poor Hannah Donnelly was next recovered. A gang of men was employed last Monday by the county surveyor to clear away the boggy deposit on the road near the Quarry Lodge in order to re-establish much needed communication between Killybegs and Gasevulla by this route. Lord Kenmare had another party of men working the quarry of the peaty mire with which it is partially filled.

Guy's Hospital has Received £500 from Mr. W. F. Highfield, of Plymouth.

The Thick London Fog caused a serious collision last Saturday at Clapham, a Wandsworth train having run into by a Palace train, and some forty passengers having been shaken.

President Kruger and Mr. Cecil Rhodes's Triumphant Progress.—President Kruger was waited upon on New Year's Day by numerous persons to tender him congratulations. Judge Jorissen took the opportunity of delivering a speech, in which he denounced as an insult to the South African Republic the "triumphant progress" which Mr. Cecil Rhodes was making through Cape Colony. Mr. Rhodes, he said, was glorified as the hero of the day, and even more as the hero of the morrow, while from his return to South Africa people expected everything. President Kruger did not reply, but is said to have been "deeply hurt." But why? British settlers in the Cape are naturally jubilant at the suppression of the Matabeleland rising.

Dr. Jameson's Health Continues to Improve, and he is rapidly gaining strength.

Dr. Thomas Jameson, eldest brother of Dr. Jameson, died on New Year's Day at Knollys Road, Streatham, where he was in practice. Deceased, who was fifty-nine, suffered from Bright's disease.

Spain's Colonial Victories have not been confined to Cuba, the desired reforms in which island will, we trust, be carried into effect. We learn that the Spaniards have also gained an important victory in the Philippines. A column succeeded in dislodging three thousand rebels entrenched on the heights of Casoran, killing six hundred of them, and capturing seven guns and a quantity of ammunition. Whilst the rebels were in full flight they were attacked in flank by another force of Spaniards, and five hundred more of them were killed. The *Standard's* Madrid Correspondent says much satisfaction is expressed at this news, and, in the name of the Queen and the Government, General Polavieja has been congratulated on the victory.

The United States and Cuba.—Two United States war-vessels have been ordered to Florida, to assist in suppressing filibustering expeditions to Cuba. The filibustering steamer *Comandante* has sunk near Jacksonville, but the crew were saved. The *Leviathan* has left Gibraltar for the United States.

Captain Stewart's and Captain Manning's Big Successes in Nyassaland.—The British force operating in several detachments in Nyassaland, against the natives who had taken to the field, has been entirely successful. Captain Stewart encountered the Chief Chelusi and after defeating the native force and taking the Chief prisoner, Chelusi was hanged. A stronghold in the possession of a formidable Chelusi, Chief Olete, was stormed by Captain Manning's detachments. This chieflain surrendered, and was sent as a prisoner to a fort in the Protectorate.

The Famine in India.—The Viceroy states that rain fell last week in several of the Indian famine districts. There are now 636,000 persons employed on relief works. In order that the attitude and intention of the Indian Government may not be misunderstood, Lord G. Hamilton has written a letter to explain the reasons why consent has not been given for an appeal for public subscriptions. But to save any funds from drying up, the Lord Mayor should start a fund promptly for the relief of Indians who



THE "CINDERELLA" OF WHITECHAPEL.

may succumb to this dreadful calamity—as a predecessor of his Lordship did before him, with most gratifying success.

The Deplorable Plague in Bombay.—The Governor of Bombay informs the Secretary of State for India that there were 1655 cases of plague and 1100 deaths from that cause in that city during December. Between 100,000 and 150,000 persons have left the place.

President Faure has Telegraphed to the Czar an acknowledgment of the congratulatory New Year's Day telegram from the Russian Monarch. M. Faure adds that he "recalls with lively emotion the precious remembrance of your presence among us"; and he expresses the good wishes of the French people for the Czar, the Czarina, and their daughter. "And so say all of us!"

A Frenchman at Bow Street.—A P.I.P. Artist spent the last morning of the Old Year (there is no accounting for taste) at Bow Street Police Court—but he underwent this act of self-sacrifice in the interest of our readers, it is right to add. Before Sir John Bridge, Yves Lanez Val, forty, stated to be a notary of Chantenay, Department of Sarthe, France, was charged, on a provisional extradition warrant, with fraud as an agent in that place. Detective-Inspector Lowe, of Scotland Yard, stated that he had the prisoner detained at St. Heliers Police Station, Jersey, on the 29th ult. The witness read the warrant to him, and he replied, in French, "I have nothing to say; I wish to return to France as soon as possible." Some papers found on the prisoner were handed to the witness by the Jersey police, and the prisoner urged that they should be shown to the magistrate. The prisoner in French declared that he entirely contested the charge, and that, even if he were not extradited, he would fight the question in France. In reply to Sir John Bridge he stated that he had fled to Jersey because he feared that he would



have been imprisoned five or six months in France before he had a chance to make his defence. The prisoner was remanded pending the arrival of the depositions.

The New Pavilion Theatre "Cinderella."—The plot of this attractive pantomime is the dainty and spirituelle Cinderella of Miss Daisy Wood (the sister of lively Marie Lloyd). Her petite figure suggests all the youthfulness of the Cinderella of the story-book, and the pretty song of "Who will dance with a drudge like me," in which she takes her broom as partner, is given with a touch of pathetic interest. Mr. Arthur Alexander is a most industrious comedian, and must be on excellent terms with the property-man, for he is very busy with all sorts of inanimate accessories throughout the pantomime, the properties ranging from a wooden baby to a miniature private box, not including wooden dogs of sudden and marvellous growth. Miss Marie Tyler makes a bonnie Prince, and she is supported in the most energetic manner by another member of the Lloyd family, Miss Alice, who makes a lively Dandini. Mr. Julian Cross is a rollicking Baron. The lavish mounting of the old-world story is worthy of the tradition of the "Drury Lane of the East," and of Mr. Isaac Cohen's high repute. The ball-room scene is a most dazzling triumph. The zealous Acting-Manager, Mr. A. Percy Cohen, told a *Daily Mail* interviewer that "one scene alone in this year's 'Cinderella' cost more than £750 for scenery, properties, and costumes; and there are fourteen scenes, four of which are show scenes." He adds: "We employ three hundred persons on the stage (seen and unseen), fifty-two in the auditorium, and about twenty outworkers. There are more than eight hundred dresses used in 'Cinderella,' and a staff of eight dressmakers to keep the costumes in order. Our employes include engineers and electricians for the electric lighting, besides a usual theatre staff."

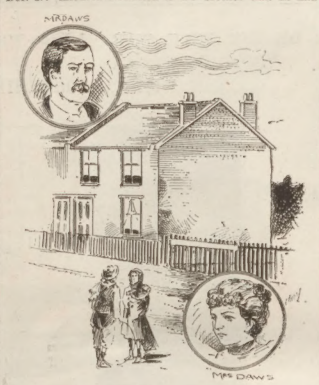
A Newspaper Manager Charged with Embezzlement.—On New Year's Day, at Bow Street Police Court, before Mr. Lushington, Locke Mills, business manager of the *Army and Navy Gazette*, was charged on remand with embezzlement. Sir George Lewis presided; Mr. C. Ross-Innes defended. Sir George Lewis said that since the last occasion the books had been investigated from July 1894, previous to which date the counterfoils and paying-in slips did not exist, so that

nothing could be proved previous to that date. It appeared that from July 1894 to December 1896 the prisoner had received £20 to £25 cash and cheques weekly paid into the office, and week by week he had appropriated this money, the total amount appropriated by him during this period



being £2414. With a view to concealing his frauds, he had, week by week, made false entries in the books, and sent false accounts to various persons. During the period mentioned, although the money appeared by the books to have been paid weekly into Sir William Howard Russell's account, no cash, except one sum of £5, had ever been paid into the bank. Confirmatory evidence was given by a clerk from the London and Westminster Bank and a cashier from Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, the printers of the *Army and Navy Gazette*, and the prisoner was committed for trial, bail being refused.

The Christmas Tragedy at Croydon aroused the attention of such a large number of people that a P.I.P. Artist thought it worth while to him to that important Surrey town to sketch the accused and Mrs. Daws and their humble dwelling. George Daws, a master plasterer, was last Monday charged with the murder of his wife Sarah, at 14, Oakwood Road, Thornton Heath, on Dec. 27. Accused confessed to his brother that he had



THE CROYDON TRAGEDY.

murdered the woman, and Mrs. Daws was found with her skull fractured and throat cut. Daws, who was a violent man when in drink, suffered from insomnia, and had dangerous delusions, in addition to a suicidal disposition. When the charge was read out the prisoner responded promptly, "Yes, Sir; it's quite right." Mr. Frayling, for the Treasury, said they could find no ground for the accused's statements reflecting on his wife's chastity. Evidence was also given that Daws had threatened to murder his wife previously, and that he was suffering from hallucinations. He was committed for trial to the Assizes.

ANÆMIA.

HOW TO CURE ITS CHASTLY PALLOR.

Anæmia is really feeble or impoverished blood. The latter has too little oxygen, too little vitality, too little strength; is too weak in its flow, and on the other side has too many chemical and impure gases in it. The result for the unfortunate sufferer is shattered nerves, marble-like or sallow pallor, weak spine, easily tired limbs, lack of appetite, shortness of breath, and swelling of the feet. In all cases the skin becomes of a greenish or yellowish-green tint. In all cases of feeble blood or anæmia the blood is insufficiently oxygenated, and is, therefore, deficient in purity and vitality. Now,

OXYGEN IS LIFE.

Life simply cannot exist without oxygen, and we must have free oxygen in our bodies to burn up, to dissolve, and to destroy the waste and worn-out muscular and tissue products in our bodies, otherwise impure gases are bred in the system, and the health, strength, and complexion suffer as a matter of course. Feeble blood in some of its forms is responsible for many eruptive disorders, pimples, spots, and breakings out. The blood is then said to be impure, because impure chemical gases have been bred and retained in it. Many people think that impure blood means some serious scrofulous or strumous taint in the blood. And so it does in its worst phases. But most of the milder eruptive disorders really spring from feeble blood because of the changes we have named. Therefore, if we can re-vitalise the blood, and purify it from the gases resulting from the decay always going on in our bodies, we shall bring about a state of natural health.

THE REMEDY TO USE.

We have tried above to show that Feeble Blood is often in reality a complex disorder closely allied to impurity in the Blood. And this is why the usual remedies fail. One phase only of the disorder is treated, whereas we must attack it from both sides. Which is why "Zotis" Tablets are so successful in the treatment of Anæmia. They create Oxygen in the Blood to revitalise it, and so strengthen and invigorate it. They likewise permeate the Blood with a bland and purifying air, in which disease germs and impure gases cannot thrive, and so languish for want of the unnatural nourishment that has provoked them. Hence, "Zotis" Tablets restore the colour to pale cheeks, firmness to weak nerves, and purity and strength to the Blood. They free the skin from spots, pimples, and eruptions, being the best of Blood Purifiers, ensuring a clear skin and a good complexion. They are also good for the throat. They are attractive to the eye, pleasant to the taste, and always safe and beneficial. In Boxes, price 1s. 1½d., of all Chemists, or post free for 1s. 3s.

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1d.—Read the "HAPPY HOME" Every Week, and get the Latest Fashions.—1d.



SOUVENIR OF THE ZULU WAR: LORD WILLIAM BERESFORD'S FIGHT WITH A ZULU.

LORD WILLIAM BERESFORD'S HUNTING ACCIDENT.

MEMBER of a noble family that has served England valiantly on many a battlefield, Lord William Beresford is a gallant soldier who has covered himself with glory—not in bravely disregarding the immortal warning of the elder Weller, but in war against the most intrepid of enemies. Wherefore, he had the full sympathy of the public when it became known that he had met with a serious hunting accident at Gatwick on Wednesday week.

It appears that whilst out with the local hounds Lord William Beresford's horse fouled the fence at Gatwick racecourse, and, turning a complete somersault, came over full on his Lordship. He was picked up in an unconscious condition, with a nasty cut on the forehead; but his Lordship sustained no serious internal injury, although some part of the pelvis was fractured. Medical assistance was fortunately at hand, and his Lordship soon revived. He was carried on the racecourse ambulance to the adjacent residence of Mr. W. H. White, at Charlwood Park, and after lying there two hours was removed in a carriage to Deepdene. His Lordship was, it is said, anxious to return home, inasmuch as Lady William Beresford (Lady, Duchess of Marlborough) is in delicate health, and he wished to spare her anxiety as to his injuries, which he insisted upon regarding as

"P.I.P." SOUVENIR OF KILLARNEY.



THE OLD WEIR BRIDGE, KILLARNEY.

It was into the Lakes of Killarney that the Sliding Box found its way.

comparatively trifling. This is the second accident Lord William Beresford has had with the Warrnamoore hounds this season. He was "canonised" off his horse on the opening day. We are glad to hear Lord William is progressing satisfactorily.

A military correspondent, writing to the *Standard*, says: "Few men living have received more serious 'spills' than Lord William Beresford. It was largely due to Lord William Beresford's fine riding, as well as to his prompt courage, that he was able to win the Victoria Cross, by a feat which Mr. Archibald Forbes lately described as 'the bravest deed I ever saw'; and for years his great skill as a steeplechase rider, added to an hereditary love for, and knowledge of, sport of all kinds, made him a leading authority on the Indian Turf, with which he recently revived his connection by the presentation of a handsome trophy for annual competition."

A pictorial souvenir of special interest at this moment is printed above. It was drawn by Mr. Schönberg (the clever Vienna artist settled in Dulwich) from a sketch made during the Zulu War by Mr. Melton Prior, and represents Lord William Beresford's hand to hand, or sword against assegai, combat with a fearless Zulu on July 3, 1879. The encounter took place during the reconnaissance across the River Umvolosi that preceded Lord Chelmsford's signal victory at Ulundi. Lord William's skill as a swordsman stood him in good stead, and he vanquished the Zulu Hercules after a terrific fight.

A NOTABLE NEW YEAR'S WEDDING.

See "Marguerite" on the "World of Women," Page 28.

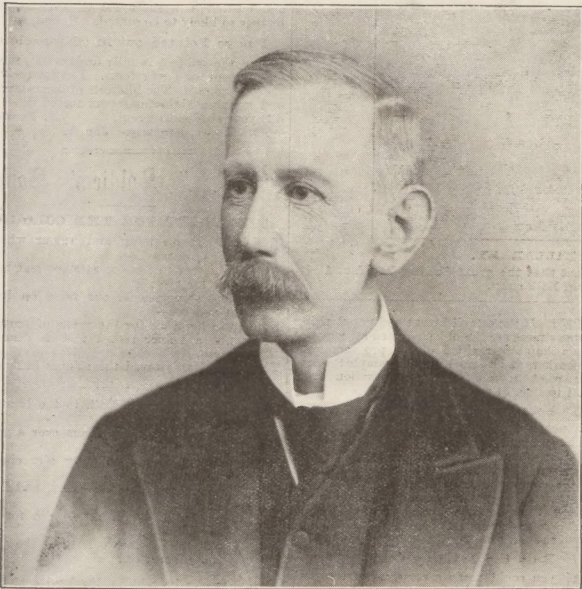


Photo by Chanceller, Dublin.

SIR GILBERT KING.



Photo by Lombardi, 15, Pall Mall East.

MISS LOUISA S. R. SWEET.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

FOOTBALLERS BEFOGGED.

Dense mist hung o'er the football field;
Once kicked, the ball could scarce be found;
So players had to perform to yield
To "fand" that almost hid the ground.

"First Saturday in New Year lost,"
A "thrust" was heard to say;
A wasted holiday the cost.
Nothing worse, let's hope and pray.

YES; sore disappointment was experienced by many a footballer in the South last Saturday, and all on account of the fog. The Fettesian-Lorettonians and Richmond were to have met on the ground of the latter. They did, in fact, meet, but only to bewail the

Woolwich Arsenal and Chatham, on the ground of the latter. Though Chatham at times put the visitors' defence to a very strong test, they were not able to score, and the team from Plumstead deservedly won, the number of their goals being four.

The London Caledonians v. West Norwood

drew but few spectators to Caledonian Park that sad, foggy afternoon, and they could see nothing of the game. So hopeless did the players find it that they did not finish the match.

Away from London

and South-Eastern districts pleasanter weather was experienced. At Edinburgh the Corinthians

they are not at all likely to bring into practice. Modern developments of football, as exemplified by some players and referees, need to be seen to be thoroughly appreciated at their worth. The Casuals were at Middlesbrough on Saturday, and though they were helplessly beaten (eight goals to none) they had beautiful weather as some sort of compensation. Another club on tour, the old Merchant Taylors', essayed a trial with Llanelly, and they also met with signal ill

success, their line being crossed no less than six times, while they gained not a point.

League Matches

were favoured with fine weather, and the result was capital attendances in nearly every case. At Perry Barr, Birmingham, 12,000 assembled, and great surprise was evinced at the result, a victory for Burnley, who are nearly last on the list. Liverpool and Sheffield United attracted 16,000, who did not have the pleasure or sorrow of seeing one goal kicked. Sheffield Wednesday, on their own ground, beat Preston North End, and other winners were Blackburn



Photo by Hunt and Roe, Funching.

LORD WILLIAM BERESFORD.

circumstance that rendered play impracticable. At Chiswick Park the Harlequins were to have been opposed by Blackheath, but the same conditions prevailed, and there was no play. Other matches shared the same fate, and among them several of the ties in the qualifying competition of the Association Cup. One notable match in this was, however, played, despite the foggy element. This was between

played St. Bernard's, and suffered defeat by two goals to one, after a game full of interest. There were not more than 5000 persons at this match, and the reason assigned is that the Corinthians had done none too well during their tour. Though the efforts of "Pa" Jackson's boys have not been crowned with success, the experience they have gained is, I am assured, great indeed. It is of a kind, however, that

In The Fog LONDON CALEDONIANS v WEST NORWOOD.



It takes some start
to finish.

rovers over Wolverhampton Wanderers, West Bromwich Albion over Notts Forest, Everton over Stoke, and Derby County over Sunderland.

Rugby Union Referees

have been instructed by the R.F.U. committee to the effect that too much whistle-blowing has been going on, and it is pointed out in a very emphatic manner that officials must avoid letting a side reap any advantage from an infringement of rule by one of its members. One might have thought that the necessity for such instruction was non-existent; and in many cases doubtless the caution is quite superfluous; but as frequenters of football grounds know there are referees who, in their anxiety to be thought exceedingly vigilant, are constantly interpreting the letter of the law in a most elastic manner—that is to say, either pulling up a player before he has committed a breach of rule, or doing so when he has really been guilty, and so enabling him to benefit by his own wrong-doing. For instance, where a defending back knocks on, and the ball goes to an opponent who is able to get away, the game should be allowed to proceed, otherwise the offence may prove a great blessing to the side whose player committed it. There are other cases which might be pointed out, but space will not permit of a disquisition on the subject of referees' duties. Suffice it to say that if any official is in doubt as to what course to pursue in a general way he has but to communicate with Mr. G. Rowland Hill, the hon. sec. R.F.U., who will be only too pleased to send him on a copy of instructions.

Lady Cyclists

still form one of the leading attractions at the Westminster Aquarium, another six days' race having been commenced on Monday last. On Saturday there was some spirited riding among the foremost division, and the result was as follows: Miss Blackburn, 372 miles 7 laps; Miss Anderson, 372 miles 2 laps; Miss Farrar, 372 miles 1 lap.

Mr. Sydney H. Pardon,

the expert editor of "John Wisden's Cricketers' Almanack for 1897," has been his own admirable record; and supplies wielders of the bat with an annual full of facts and figures of the utmost interest to them. With vivid photographs of the five most notable cricketers of the past year—Prince Ranjitsingh, A. Lilly, T. Richardson, H. Trumble, and S. E. Gregory—grouped in the frontispiece, "Wisden's" is invaluable to all cricketing enthusiasts. It contains full scores and bowling analyses of all the important matches of 1896, capital descriptions of the Australian tour, list of batsmen credited with 1000 runs, fixtures for 1897, and the other features which make it indispensable. Priced in paper cover (or in 3d. post free); it may also be had bound in cloth for 2s. at John Wisden and Co.'s Football and Cricket Emporium, 21, Cranbourn Street, London.

Billiards: Roberts v. Stevenson.

So far this season has not been productive of much that can be called remarkable or calculated to revive a somewhat fallen interest in exhibition matches. The play at the Egyptian Hall, in the match between Roberts and Stevenson, has, however, awakened some enthusiasm, and if the latter succeeds in maintaining the improvement he has shown of late, he will be well on his way to reach more than a few to the matches in which he may be engaged. On the last evening of 1896 he fairly outscored the champion, making 1379 points to Roberts' 1091. Then on Saturday the rising young player from South Africa made a splendid break of 483. This is not his highest, for he has put together as many as 575 in an innings, but it was a very fine example of a good breaked billiard.—BANSHEE.

THE RACING WORLD.

MUST begin with a word or two on Mr. John Porter's Letter on Winter Flat-Racing.

quoted in another column. John Porter's arguments are good and sound. As a matter of fact, his business, his opinion is entitled to the greatest respect. Admitting all that, I am not sure that up-to-date readers might be well excused for holding that a great deal may be said on both sides. Of course, the thing can be overdone; but

Lord Suffolk's Idea,

if carried out in moderation, should at least be well worth a trial, and we never have had a hint that his proposal to inaugurate two-mile welter races to be run at National Hunt meetings was meant to be an introduction to substituting Jockey Club for N.H. sport in the now close season for the former.

What Mr. Porter urges about

Difficulty in Training Horses

in holding ground is perfectly true. A popular fallacy is that more or less unsound animals are more likely to break down on hard turf than if running on soft. This is a fallacy, though it stands to reason that concussion in galloping on very hard going must be trying and dangerous. We will

Leave the Master of Kingsclere

for a while. No doubt he has raised a controversy in which he will find a very strong opposing party, and in the course of a few days will see some of his arguments vigorously assailed.

That we shall ever have winter flat-racing as indicated by the great trainer is quite outside the limits of probability.

We Seem Likely to Find Australian Horses

making a big mark in steeplechasing, the game for which they are so eminently fitted. We shall have no little trouble in keeping the Grand National and such great prizes to ourselves. In Ebor

We have a Most Magnificent Jumper, far and away the best imported, up to now, from the Antipodes. His wins at Nottingham and Manchester were gained in grand style. Hickey, his pilot, sent him to the front at the start, and, gaining distance at every jump, raced all the rest of the field to a standstill. The horse is very quick indeed at his fences; in fact, he gets away more as if he were dealing with hurdles than clearing regulation hedges, ditches, and guards.

Our British Public

are very clever hands at estimating form. They like to believe in what they see, and prefer to stand on public performances rather than taking private excellence on trust. For instance, over hurdles Daimio is said to be 25 lb. superior to Ebor. You will find that, should the two come into opposition, the public will range themselves on Ebor's side. To use a slang of the racecourse, "he has done it," they will say, and for

"P.I.P." SOUVENIR OF KILLARNEY.



THE MIDDLE LAKE, KILLARNEY.

A "P.I.P." Snap-Shot printed apropos of the fact that the great Sliding Bog found its way into the Lakes of Killarney.

The Great Australian Chaser,

winner of highest honours with extraordinary weights, they will tell you, "he has done it there right enough," but add, "let us wait till he has done it here." Quite right too, for our jumping is very different from the Colonial, and one animal may take kindly to it while another will turn out an utter disappointment. In all this is much luck.

Mr. Atkinson Cannot Complain

of being unlucky with Knight of Rhodes. Not so long ago he was on sale for £250; then was sent to the stud, where he might be now serving hunters' mares at a small fee, only that breeders did not seem to fancy him. So he was taken home, added to the list, and brought out to race again, which he has been doing in his best old form. But for Soliman he would have won the best hurdle-race at Gatwick, where he was second best, as he showed by his virtual walk-over at Hurst Park. At Manchester the pair were out again. The Knight cantered off with a flat-race and Soliman landed his hurdle-race without an effort.

After this week we shall be talking of flat-racing. The nominations for many events will be out, and one can always find something to say about

The Derby of '97.

Nobody seems to care at all for the Derby just yet. Bookmakers shake their heads and decline to make offers if a would-be backer comes along. The Continental agencies, Hardaway and Topping, accommodate their customers. They are bound to, because their connexion is very widely scattered, and so many are regular punters who expect to be considered whether there is an open market or not. If a man sends a hundred pounds from Australia, New Guinea, Venezuela, British Columbia, or even neighbouring English colonies, such as India or the Cape, you must make him a price. As a rule, these early punters get the best of the figures by the day of the race—that is to say, they can hedge at a profit if they please to "go to the insurance office."

BENDIGO.

Mr. John Porter

ON FLAT-RACING ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

THAT experienced and esteemed trainer and true Englishman, Mr. John Porter, lately availed himself of the literary aid of Mr. Byron Webber to produce, in "Kingsclere," one of the most valuable and most popular works on the turf ever published. "Kingsclere" deserves a place in the sportsman's library by the side of the "Druid's" quaint books. Regarded as a standard book on the National Sport, this Life of John Porter has had a remarkably large sale, to the satisfaction of the skilful author, his subject, and his publishers, MM. Chatto and Windus. Now Winter has come round again, Mr. Porter has rushed into print. His important letter to the *Daily Telegraph* of Monday last is well worth reprinting—

I am Far from Thinking that Our System of Racing is Perfect.

I have endeavoured—and I venture to submit not altogether without success—to show that there is plenty of room for improvement in the undue encouragement at present extended to short-distance races. It is, however, a safe rule to let well, or even tolerably well, alone. I confess that I regard Lord Suffolk's suggested new rule

To Allow Flat-Racing All the Year Round with amazement, and I should be dismayed if I could bring myself to believe that it would ever be carried into effect. I have heard it described as "the thin edge of the wedge," and surely if it ever were inserted and driven home it would go far towards splitting the whole fabric of racing asunder. The harm which such a rule would do is incalculable. Have not we enough and to spare of racing between March 25 and

Nov. 25? If the establishment and popularising of longer races are the objects aimed at, why not make a thorough revision of the programme at Newmarket, and there set the example? Consider what working without cessation from Jan. 1 to Dec. 31 would mean to

Both Trainers and Jockeys.

It is not rest in the common sense of the term which either class obtains when the racing season is over, for the labours of the trainer are never done. As to the few fashionable jockeys—those who are at the top of the tree—it is conceivable that they could go on for ever keeping their health, vigour, and good form without a period for recuperation? Racing all the year round would

Ruin the Training Grounds,

even if you could make a certainty of the work proceeding without being interrupted by frost and snow. This is a country with a fickle climate, one that presents the most distressing



MR. JOHN PORTER, OF "KINGSCLERE" FAME.

and disappointing obstacles to the daily work of a trainer. There would be the risk of the horse catching cold in travelling from one meeting to the other. There is that risk now. How much it would be aggravated during the winter months I leave it to common sense to imagine. It is well known that horses break down on hard ground, but it is not so widely known that

There is Far More Danger of their Breaking Down on Heavy, Rotten Ground (the use of which would be inevitable under an all-the-year-round rule) than there is on the hardest galloping ground.

Run your horses through the whole year, keep them at it, never let them rest, in the eager desire to secure every stake that in the opinion of owner or trainer appears within reach for one such continuous season, and tell me what horses you will have left to run long-distance races the following summer. Under the operation of the proposed change, you would find

The Authorities of Sandown, Kempton, and other rich gate-money meetings offering large prizes to be run for. They would not by any means confine themselves to the suggested £200. Why should they? Such large prizes as I have mentioned would naturally induce owners to run good-class horses, and, paying heavy retaining fees to jockeys, they would just as naturally expect the latter to ride, whereby there would be no rest whatever for man or beast. I maintain that the state of the weather and training grounds in summer is more in favour of training horses for long-distance races, and that to attempt to continue to do so in winter, through "heavy going,"

Would be Disastrous.

It is true you may have to contend with the disadvantages of an exceptional year—like last year, for example—with its long spell of drought, but such a time is of rare occurrence, and, after all, when it does come, "honours are easy."

The strain on the horse is much greater when the animal is called upon to run in short races than it is in long ones. To be convinced of this you have only to watch a start for a five-furlong race, with the excitement to get off, the false starts, and the horses "snatched" up on their haunches. This treatment, repeated as I have seen it as many as twenty times over, is ruinous, whereas in a race of a mile or upwards the horse starts smoothly, the pressure is not put on so soon, he gradually increases his speed, and the chances of his breaking down are not one tenth as great as when he is pulled about and hustled in a short T.T.C. Neither is his temper so likely to be soured. Herein, as

I have Pointed out in "Kingsclere"

(where the subject is fully dealt with), there is ample room for Turf reform. But flat-racing all the year round! The interests of horse-breeding and genuine high-class sport forbid it.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, J. PORTER.

Park House, Kingsclere, Jan. 1.

"P.I.P." Soldiers' Songs.

THE FIGHT FOR THE COLOURS.

HONOUR to truth and valour wherever they may be, Whether in lives of sacrifice and battles for the right,

Or glorious struggles for our fame on battle-field and sea— Honour to heroism, for the ranks of bravery Know not a nobler record that is dear unto the free, Than how Hardy saved the colours in Isandhlwana's fight.

Victory to the foemen, death to the brave and true, Triumph of swarming numbers over a gullant few.

Order from Chelmsford ringing o'er clash of weapons high, "Fix bayonets, men, like soldiers, and British soldiers, die!" Die! say, they were willing to die for their country's worth, But what of the glorious colours of the gallant "Twenty-Fourth"?

Should it e'er be told in England that a conquered banner flew Torn from the hand of England—over a savage crew? Should it e'er be told in England that her sons could idly stand While the banner of their glory rode in the rebel van?

Voice of the gullant Colonel, in a last and high command, "To you I give the colours, Hardy—save them if you can."

On through the hell of battle, armed only with his sword, 'Mid massacre of heroes and yells from the rebel horde; A louder yell of fury and spears on every side, They guess the hero's errand, they swarm to stay his ride: Around, before, behind him, a black and savage wall, While blows on man and charger from blood-stained weapons fall.

See, one has grasped the colours, a downward flash of steel, And the daring foe is lying low, and the others backward reel;

A fiercer rush upon him, a roar from savage throats, But ever ahead o'er the dying and dead the flag of England floats; Slowly yet surely onward—one man against a host—"Save the Colours!" He will save them, though a life should be the cost.

Still on, though weak and weary and faint from loss of blood, To where the rushing river rolls in a swollen flood;

A plunge in the darksome torrent, a battle with its wrath, But he carries the glorious banner of the gallant "Twenty-Fourth." Through the spears that play around him he has reached the other side, He has saved his country's honour, he has saved her flag of pride.

Tears from the young and brave when that flag was next unfurled, Tears from grizzled warriors, and tears from all the world, For with the Cross of valour upon the hero's breast, To the roll of drums they laid him to his well-won soldier's rest.

KATE BISHOP ("Kay Bee").

A Farmer who occasionally accommodated a neighbour with a fitch of bacon at the killing season, being applied to as usual, said, "I hanna yet made up my mind whether I shall kill myself this year, or take a side of my fether."

A Little Boy, in the course of his reading lesson, came to the word "widow," and called it "window," a word more familiar to him. The teacher, who was acting as an examiner, corrected the blunder, and then, wishing to improve the occasion, put the question, "What is the difference between 'widow' and 'window'?" The boy's answer began, "You can see through a window, but—" and then stopped.

If you wish to Dress Well, Buy the "HAPPY HOME," Weekly, 1d.

"P.P.'s" Legal Portraits.

LIMNED BY PEN AND PENCIL.

No. 3.—THE NEW LORD JUSTICE, THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR JOSEPH WILLIAM CHITTY.

MANY years ago, when the fishermen of Leigh were still grumbling because they could no longer find a market for their oyster freights at Hungerford Market—many years ago, when Cleopatra's Needle held not its own on the Thames Embankment—when the famous plane-trees were still saplings, and Punch had not left off chaffing the Duke of



SIR JOSEPH CHITTY.
THE NEW LORD JUSTICE.

Daecench about his Thames back or front garden—well, in those very early days, on that very self-same Embankment, on one very important morning indeed, there might have been seen a remarkably well set-up gentleman clad in blue serge suit and bowler. The gentleman in question would have been curiously noticeable on account of that peculiar light step, slight swing of the arm, and suggestion of his clothes being a little too loose for him, which always help to make up

The Athlete.

On the morning in question the Embankment would have been more than ordinarily crowded. Small boys would be wearing light or dark blue

rosettes, with centres of minute pewter silvered oars. In hansom, gay young Templars, all smartness and fun and cigars and beaming looks, would be bowling westward. In gig, "wan," or humble shallow drawn by humblest moke, light and dark blue bedecked, Harry and Harriet were spinning along as gaily as they ever did to Welsh Harp, Happy Hampton, or Chingford. It is, in short, the morning of

The Oxford and Cambridge Boat-Race.

And now see, the "personage," for indeed he is a "personage" of some note, makes his way into a four-wheeled wagonette, and he, too, rattles off Putneywards. All along the road now is occasionally taken of this quiet-looking gentleman in the serge suit. Beauty in blue, light or dark, seated in her barouche, is touched on the shoulder, and turns her bonnet, or rather her eyes, to look at him. Arrived in Putney High Street, no matter what the crowd, the police make way for that all-important conveyance.

Mr. Chitty, the Umpire.

Yes, the quiet-looking gentleman is none other than the umpire—now one of the most famous and best known and beloved of all our Judges. And now to the business of biography. The Right Honourable Sir Joseph William Chitty, so runs the biography-monger, is the second and only surviving son of the late Mr. Thomas Chitty, of the Inner Temple. Born in London 1823. Well! well! He was an Eton boy, and doubtless bathed at Athens and skydived in the "Mendons." At any rate, to all accounts he was a very pleasant boy indeed. In 1851 he graduated; he had spent his time at Balliol College. He was a "first class," and was made a Fellow of Exeter and M.A. in 1851. In 1856 he was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn. He was made Q.C. in 1874, and practised in the Rolls Court before the famous Master, Sir George Jessel.

When at the Bar.

Sir Joseph, like all men who ever succeed in life, formed one of a group of nobly clever men, and belonged, so to speak, to a "school" of lawyers. In dress even he adopted the peculiarities of two men, both pre-eminently remarkable for the possession of the same qualities. Morning coat, black tie, high collar—so were the late Lord Selborne and Mr. Gladstone. So dressed Mr. Chitty. More anxious, perhaps, in manner than Lord Selborne and Cairns—at least with an apparent nervousness—yet, all the same, Justice Chitty really possessed more courage.

Sir George Jessel.

with all his magisterial insistence (his enemies have been wicked enough to say bullying) never succeeded in putting down Mr. Chitty. Nervous he might sometimes appear, but he never affected his argument. Then beside him might be the redoubtable Karslake, scratching and scuffling away with his everlasting quill on

his everlasting reams of brief (by the way, the great Karslake's handwriting was almost as villainously bad as my Lord Thring's—and that is saying enough and more than enough), but yet this even did not upset him in the least. The next morning he would be seen walking into the court with the great Karslake, looking as amiable as possible. This, too—the scribbling and scratching—must have been peculiarly annoying as he himself, unlike many public men

Is an Excellent Penman.

A strangely neat, concise little hand has Sir Joseph—slanting and angular, given the tails and twists it might easily be taken for German. It is certainly suggestive of the Judge's painstaking character. Yet, fresh and ready as he appeared in court, in his chambers at No. 3 in the Square, which he shared or "next-doored" with Sir Thomas Watson, son of the Queen's physician—in these rooms, now occupied by the son of the late Lord Macnaghten—he was almost always at consultation by 9 a.m. He has even had as many as twenty consultations on his books in one morning before crossing over to the Rolls.

Forty-six Cases in One Day.

On July 29, 1881, he moved the court twenty-five times, and opposed twenty-one times—making a record of forty-six separate pieces of work. But then, hard work is the joy of Sir Joseph. It might be said of him, that his very play is work. The son of Chitty's Practice, you would perhaps fancy, had had enough practice—at least for amusement—to last him the rest of his life. But find your way into that pleasant, book-lined, red-leathered room of his in the Law Courts. There are two books quite close to his hand. One is Vattel's "Law of Nations," the other the "Codes Annotés." These are his favourite light reading. But, at the same time, he is never forgotten.

Sir Joseph is no Dryasdust Lawyer.

You should see his house in Queen's Gate Gardens (in the old days he dwelt at Queenborough Terrace, Bayswater) in close conjunction to Lord Davey and Lord Macnaghten. The walls of his library are lined with modern classics—Italian "white bound," French "yellow." Sir Joseph, be it known, is an excellent linguist; he is peculiarly admired, too, by the members of the French Bar. Indeed, the great B— was his intimate acquaintance.

He has a Splendidly Fitted-up Carpenter's Shop.

and makes his own violin cases. The work from his own hands he usually presents to his friends. The Judge's latest hobby is ivory-turning, and he is most skilful in working up little boxes for *biographies*, &c. Sir Joseph, however, is not for these smaller means, but for his musical capabilities that Sir Joseph is most famous in his after-hours. A Vice-President of the Royal

Academy of Music, he might be fairly styled as being more than an amateur. Those who pass the Queen's Gate House of an evening can hear the strains, say, of old Bocherini coming through the windows. In his drawing-room a full band is often playing. I believe he himself takes the violin. Many a well-known musician has first received meet applause at Sir Joseph's hospitable house. His musical taste, even as his legal genius, is doubtless

Inherited from his Father.

who himself was no mean musician. The musical faculty, too, is not likely to die out in the House of Chitty. It has descended to his sons in full power. Apropos of music, when Sir Joseph was in the Inns of Court Volunteers he acted as captain and major. He had the regulation, at least of the band, and has marched in its midst down to Richmond and elsewhere. Of late years

The Three Times Stroke of the Oxford Crew.

has ceased to be so much of a wet bob, save in the way of fishing in the Highlands high Inverloch or elsewhere. In his early days at the Bar he summered in Berkshire. But then the Judge, as a smart modern linguist naturally would be, has been much on the Continent. Oddly enough, during the last few years (it is almost a fashion with judges!) his dress has assumed something almost of a sporting look. Sir Joseph wears spats. He is no great smoker, although not above enjoying a cigarette. The musician, the three times stroke of the Oxford boat, the Judge, the mechanic, the linguist, is at the tables of Lincoln's Inn and the Temple a most genial dinner companion. Though occasionally stern on the bench, Sir Joseph has a most kindly and considerate nature, as many a poor solicitor's clerk has known to his advantage. He presides at their big dinner, and is always thoughtful of their interests. In the year 1858

The Judge Married into the Famous Legal House of Pollock.

Clara Jessie, sixth daughter of the late Baron Pollock. His sons worthily keep his name respected in the Law.

Double Blue (captain of the Oxford cricket team, as well as stroke oar), Judge, gentleman, musician—where do we find a man who has done so much in his lifetime, and what is more, done it well, as Sir Joseph Chitty, the new Lord Justice in succession to Sir E. Kay?

JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

She: "I don't see how you ever came to propose to me in the first place, if I am so utterly unattractive to you. I gave you no encouragement." He: "Oh, yes, you did. You turned the gas down so low that I could not see your face."

What Ails That Man?

A MAN is seen to stagger as he crosses the road. Twenty people observe him. Fling this question among them: "What ails that man?" Instantly the crowd will turn from him to you. To them it is no wonder that a man should be publicly seen in a state of intoxication, but it is a wonder that another man should be too ignorant or innocent to recognise it on sight. Yet that staggering man *may* be the only absolutely sober person of the lot. Such incidents often happen. Ask the police and the doctors.

Here is a bit of evidence from one of the best possible witnesses, a London policeman. He says: "When on my beat I was sometimes afraid to cross the road, and as I walked I staggered like a drunken man."

Just think over this frank statement for half a minute. If you had seen that policeman under those circumstances what should you have thought of him? You needn't answer. We know, of course. "There's a drunken policeman," you would have said, "and I'm going to report him."

Yet if you had done so his superiors would have laughed at you; for this policeman is not only a sober man, but a *staunch teetotaler*, and always has been. What was to do, then? Let him explain.

"In April 1893," he says, "I was a police-constable in the T Division of the Metropolitan Police, South Fulham. I had always been strong and healthy, but now I began to feel

low and queer. I couldn't make it out. My appetite failed me, and after I swallowed a mouthful I had great pain at the chest and in the stomach. There was a foul taste in my mouth, and I was so irritable and nervous that I was worried by noises I never used to take any notice of.

"After a while a feeling came over me that I never had the like of before. My legs and hands went numb, so I hardly was sure they were there, and I trembled like a leaf. I had no power to grasp anything in my hand, and was unable to write. I had a constant pain from the nape of the neck down to the bottom of my spine, and there was a strange numbness and want of feeling in my head. I got little or no sleep at night, and was so weak I could scarcely drag myself along. I lost flesh rapidly, and was soon so thin as almost to be taken for a skeleton of my former self."

[To be sure. What else could happen? Since he had stopped eating his body had fed upon itself. The flesh had gone to keep up the fire, which the food couldn't reach. A most serious and alarming state of things.]

"In June," he goes on to say, "I consulted the divisional surgeon, and was treated by him three weeks, but got no better. I then went to the Convalescent Home, Brighton, but found no benefit. After this I saw a doctor in the Fulham Road; then another in Wimpole Street, Cavendish Square. The latter said I was suffering from general paralysis. I was also examined by the Chief Police Surgeon. The end of it all was that in September I was pronounced unfit for further service and discharged.

"I was now dreadfully emaciated, and more dead than alive. As for ever getting better I had given up all hope of it.

"One day in October (1893) I read about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and was seized with a sort of notion that it might help me. I got it from Mr. Vincent, Chemist, Fulham Road, and after taking two bottles I felt better. I could eat without feeling any distress from it. I slept better, too, and my nerves were steadier.

"From this time I gradually improved, and after using the Syrup five weeks I was well and strong as ever, and getting my flesh back. There were no more signs of nervousness or paralysis. I can now do any kind of work and eat anything. I shall be glad to answer inquiries. (Signed) Joseph James Watson, 19, Clarendon Place, Camberwell New Road, London, Jan. 3, 1894."

Mr. Watson had been in the police force four years and three months, and his discharge note is endorsed "Good conduct," and he is entered, he says, on the police sick-book as suffering from "general paralysis."

The facts show that Mr. Watson had a very near escape. His fundamental and real disease was acute inflammatory dyspepsia. The blood became loaded with the poisons of stomach fermentation, and set up both starvation and inflammation of the spinal nerves. Partial loss of motion and of feeling resulted, with wasting of the parts. The danger was great. He might have been stricken down at any moment while on duty. The treatment that failed was probably addressed to the nerves. Naturally it effected nothing. The Syrup went to the bottom of the mischief—the arrested digestion, the starved body, the poisoned blood. Recovery followed. The process was logical.

But what a pity he didn't know of (and use) the remedy in April rather than October. Six months of suffering saved and his place in the police! May we not hope even yet to see him in the familiar uniform?

Liver Affections.

Next to Dyspeptic Disorders, Liver Affections are, perhaps, the most frequent Diseases to be met with in this Country. From the large size of the Organ and the peculiarities of and great volume of Blood passing through it, the Liver is particularly liable to Congestion and Inflammatory states.

Active Congestion of the Liver always accompanies the Digestive Operations, but it is apt to exceed its normal limits whenever Food is taken in excess, or when it is of an irritating nature, and it is especially frequent as a result of Alcoholic abuse.

Severe or long-continued Congestion is apt to lead to diffusive Inflammation of the entire Organ.

Of all the Medicines that have, from time to time, been put forward for the relief and cure of Liver Affections, none has been so speedily and uniformly successful as Guy's Tonic. This noble remedy, composed solely of choice Vegetable substances (every one of which finds a place in the British Pharmacopoeia), is prepared from the prescription of an eminent London Physician, and has effected more Cures of Liver Disorders than any other Combination known to Medical Science.

Guy's Tonic is now employed in Hospital practice, and is endorsed by the Medical Profession, many Members of which prescribe it largely in Liver Affections and Diseases of the Stomach and Alimentary Canal, while upwards of 3500 unsolicited Testimonials vouch for its excellence and general utility in all Low, Weak States of the System.

Read the following—

Bilious Attacks.

"Desborough, Piltown, Ireland.
"Would you send me a Bottle of Guy's Tonic, for which I enclose Stamps? I have been suffering from Bilious Attacks; I have also spit up Blood several times lately, and feel dreadfully Depressed and Low-spirited. I have found great Benefit from Guy's Tonic."
"W. WINKS."

Congested Liver.

"Streatlam Hall, Exeter.
"I have been suffering from Congested Liver, Dyspepsia, and consequent Nervousness. I have taken Two Bottles of Guy's Tonic, and find it does me a great deal of good."
"G. MUNSON."

Indigestion.

"Milburn Bank, Southwick, by Dunsford.
"Please send me another Bottle of Guy's Tonic. I feel much better already from taking the one I got. I have been a Martyr for Years to Indigestion and Biliousness, and at times very Sick, vomiting everything I ate, and sometimes the Sickness would continue for Weeks at a time. I was beginning to give up all hopes of ever getting any Medicine to do me any good, and so when I saw Guy's Tonic advertised I resolved to try it, and I am happy to say it has had the desired effect."
"JANET DICKSON."

Guy's Tonic may be obtained from
Chemists and Stores throughout the
World. [ADVT.]

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FOR INFANTS, INVALIDS,
CHILDREN, & THE AGED.

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of Infants."—SIR CHAS. A. CAMERON, M.D.

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Hinde's Hair Curlers.



The Handsomest Hair is ruined by the use of Curling Irons. Heat bleaches the colour, robs it of its lustre, makes it dry and brittle, turns it grey, and destroys all natural tendency to waveness. Hinde's Hair Curlers are used without heat. They have no sharp edges to cut and spoil the hair. They are sold in boxes at 6d. and 1s. in every town and village in the three Kingdoms.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

TWO SOCIETY WEDDINGS.

THE OLD YEAR wound up well with a smart wedding
At Lichfield Cathedral
on Dec. 30, when the Hon. Alexander Parker,



MISS WINIFRED F. WORTHINGTON,
MARRIED DEC. 30 TO THE HON. ALEXANDER PARKER,
son of the late Earl of Macclesfield, led to the altar Miss Winifred Worthington, daughter of

Mr. Albert Worthington, of Maple Hayes. The beautiful Cathedral was crowded, and the nuptial knot was well and truly tied by Canon Lonsdale, Chancellor of Lichfield. Five daintily dressed bridesmaids were in attendance; these young ladies were the Misses Evelyn, Dorothy, and Esmé Worthington (the bride's sisters), Lady Evelyn Parker and Miss Winifred Parker (sister and niece of the bridegroom); while the little Earl of Macclesfield (the bridegroom's nephew) looked very well in a "page's" suit of white satin, and quite won the hearts of all the ladies present. The Hon. Henry Parker supported his brother as best man. The bride was given away by her father. She wore a beautiful wedding-dress of white satin, arranged with long trails of orange-blossoms and white heather, while her tulle veil covered a crown of natural orange-blossoms in the hair; of course she carried the fashionable "Goodyear" bouquet of white orchids tied with white satin ribbon. Maple Hayes was the scene of the subsequent reception, and afterwards the Hon. Alexander and Mrs. Parker left for Paris and the South of France. It is a pleasure to print their portraits.

The First Smart Wedding of the New Year

took place on Tuesday last, Jan. 5, at St. Saviour's Church, St. George's Square, S.W., the happy pair being Sir Gilbert King, Bart., of Charlston, County Roscommon, Ireland, and Miss Louisa S. R. Sweet, daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Sweet. They are portrayed on another page. Rich ivory satin bodice and skirt with long Court train of brocaded moiré with coronet of orange-blossoms and tulle veil, composed the bridal toilette of the charming bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. Henry Sweet. Three cousins of the bride, and one of the bridegroom acted as brides-

maids, wearing white satin frocks draped with white mousseline-de-soie, and large black picture hats trimmed with pink velvet bands and rosettes. The bride's nephew, Master Louis Murray, dressed in a Court costume of white



THE HON. ALEXANDER PARKER,
SON OF THE LATE EARL OF MACCLESFIELD.

satin with satin breeches buckled at the knee, carried the bride's train. The Rev. Canon Pount, of Queenstown, officiated. Mrs. Sweet (the bride's mother) afterwards welcomed the wedding guests at her residence in Belgrave Road, S.W., and later Sir Gilbert and Lady King left for a three months' tour through Italy. The presents were most handsome and numerous.

London Dancers

(indebted to Mr. H. R. Johnson, of the popular Holborn Town Hall Assemblies for the "Carnival" and other novelties) may be glad to be reminded of the latest terpsichorean invention. I read in the *Dancing Times* for January (issued for 14d., post free, by the Cavendish Publishing Company, 51, Mortimer Street, W.) that "The Washington is making rapid progress, and bids fair to become the novelty of the coming London season. It has been specially arranged and adapted for the British ball-room by Mr. Walter E. Humphrey. A printed description for the use of teachers may be had of our publishers, 51, Mortimer Street, price 5s."

The Varsoviana,

a restful combination of the redowa and a toe-pointing step, used to be a charming and a favourite round dance. From an article in the *Dancing Times*, I am glad to note that it is being danced in America under the name of "The Newport Varsoviana"; and I should like to see the fascinating and sensible dance revived in this country. By the way,

The Lady Mayoress's Juvenile Fancy Dress Ball

takes place at the re-embellished Mansion House on Jan. 18. Mr. H. R. Johnson, M.C., of the Covent Garden *Bals Masqués*, gives his next fancy dress Ball at the Holborn Town Hall on Jan. 20.

The Ball-Dresses

exhibited in the windows of Peter Robinson's Regent Street establishment make one wish for the purse of an Ernest Torah Hooley to rob oneself in a variety of lovely costumes such as are there displayed.

The Neatest Tailor-Made Dress of the New Year

was depicted in the last number of the *Lady's Historical*, and I am graciously permitted by the courteous Editor of that favourite journal for gentlemen to reprint the drawing. Messrs. Thomas and Sons, 32, Brook Street, New Bond Street, W., deserve all the credit due for the making of such an elegant costume.

This neat and graceful gown by Messrs. Thomas and Sons is of chamois Venetian cloth, with cream cloth vest beautifully braided in black, as are the lapels, and strict moderation marks the width of the graceful skirt, which is lined with a lovely chamois silk. As for the sleeves, they are put in with but the slightest suspicion of fullness. Another fascinating gown in close proximity at Messrs. Thomas's was one made of brown Venetian, a brown and gold braid working out the design on fronts, collars, and cuffs in a highly effective manner.

A Happy Festival for London Consumptives.

The Christmas festivities at the Brompton Hospital gave, as in many former years, great pleasure to the inmates, and were as successful as willing hearts and hands could desire. The various wards and galleries were elegantly decorated by the sisters and nurses with coloured lights, mottoes, and evergreens. The creature comforts included turkeys from Sir Robert Gillespie, Mr. F. A. Bevan, and Mrs. D. B. Chapman, with a case of port from Messrs. Basil Woodall and Sons, and a case of oranges from Mrs. F. A. Bevan, tobacco from Messrs. Simmonds and Messrs. Lambert and Butler, with toys from *Truth* and other sources. There



NEW YEAR'S NEATEST TAILOR-MADE DRESS.

Best and Brightest little Paper for the Home: the "HAPPY HOME," 1d. Weekly.

was also an abundant supply of plum-pudding. There were books and cards from religious societies and private friends, so that each patient was well remembered and cared for, and many were the expressions of gratitude. There was a Christmas tree on Tuesday evening at six o'clock, provided by the Misses Hodge, Miss Davidson (Lady Superintendent), and others, and the festivities ended with a concert on Thursday given by the Resident Medical Officer, Dr. Horrocks, who was assisted by some clever performers.

I had not the slightest idea, when our Editor suggested to me to write about

Employments for Women,

that the subject was of almost unlimited proportions. It was in April 1859, very nearly forty years ago, that attention was directed, by an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, to the necessity that existed for considerably enlarging the sphere of remunerative employment for women in this country, and I believe I am correct in stating that it was a shock to a great many excellent people to learn that, instead of women being all maintained, as was fondly supposed, by male breadwinners,

No less than Three out of Six Millions of Women had to Work

in order to live. A kind-hearted and philanthropic lady, as soon as she read the above statement in the *Review*, set herself to ascertain whether it was true or false, and finding that the facts were indisputable, she resolved to make it the business of her life to remedy it, if possible, or at least to alleviate the gigantic evil by helping women to obtain, first training, and then work suited to their capabilities. Her efforts quickly bore fruit, for June 1859 saw the establishment of the now well-known

Society for Promoting the Employment of Women,

office, 22, Berners Street. The main object for which this society was started was to open up new employments for women, and to secure their more extensive admission into such employments as are already open to them. In 1859, and for much later in the century, it was the general opinion that the work done by women should be confined to their own houses. There were servants, of course, and governesses, but a gentleman was supposed to lose caste if he did anything to earn money. The committee of the new society set itself to work to combat and efface this absurd idea, and at the present day it is held by a very few old-fashioned people only. Indeed, facts are so stubborn that old prejudices must give way before the knowledge that

Nearly Half the Women in the United Kingdom have to Maintain Themselves.

It is of no use now to say that such a state

of things should never have been allowed to come to pass; for, as long as the world lasts, men will marry who have barely enough to live upon, and have literally no means whatsoever of providing for their oftentimes very large families when the latter are

Left Without the Breadwinner.

I purpose, before giving in detail an account of the interesting work done by the society which has its headquarters in Berners Street, to give a list which will include a great number of the employments now open to women. Amongst the most popular are plain work, in which dress-making is included; and decorative work. These two branches of industry have increased enormously during the past fifteen years; but I cannot honestly say that the prices paid to the workers—many of whom are really skilled artists with their needles, are at all in fair proportion to the

Prices Charged for the Work.

The Royal School of Art Needlework was professionally established to enable poor gentlewomen to earn good livings, but not one of those employed in the workrooms could have existed upon their wage, although it served to supplement very small private means. But the prices charged for the really exquisite needlework sold at the school and executed for orders, are prohibitive to all but very rich people. This is not as it should be. The workers who spend their eyesight and their brains—the beautiful work of the present day cannot be done with the needle without brains—should have the lion's share of the profits. But in what industry, may I ask, are women sufficiently paid? They toil and toil for years, and yet they cannot lay by even a trifle for the time when the willing hands are powerless and the eyesight fails. This, again, is not as it should be.

Designing is another industry in which women excel, but I am told that even that branch is becoming overstocked. To become a skilled professional wood-carver requires years of study. The expert must have a knowledge of architecture, of modelling, of the principles of decorative ornament, and, also, of the history of art. It is easy enough to be a successful amateur, but a skilled artist is a different thing. There is a demand at present for embossed leather work, but very few women could make a living out of it.

Law-Copying, Shorthand, and Type-Writing

are a little more remunerative, but they would be still more so if the workers were not in excess of the work. And then, unfortunately, not all these workers are skilled. I have just been reading in our lively contemporary, the *Weekly Sun*, that many

Girls who Cannot Spell

apply for the posts of typists and shorthand-writers! It is quite possible that many girls who have become skilled typists imagine that their work will consist exclusively of copying manuscripts, whereas hundreds of young women who are employed in offices are engaged solely for the purpose of writing letters to dictation. No girl who cannot learn to spell should offer herself for the post of typist in a business establishment. To do so is to accept wages which she has not rightly earned.

A Really Skilled Typist

can earn from fifteen shillings to a pound a week. On that sum she can just exist and dress in a very poor fashion, but what about her future? Is she very much to be blamed if she looks upon marriage upon £120 or £150 per annum as a step from poverty to wealth? But she finds out her mistake before long. Do not marry, if the suitor for your hand cannot keep two or three comfortably—yourself, himself, and a girl help—to begin with; and even then he should have reasonable prospects of fair rises in his wages.

Next week I purpose to go into some of the interesting details furnished to me by the courteous Secretary of the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women.

I wonder if any of my friends would like to hear of a really skilful and careful

Teacher of Cycling to Ladies.

He is specially adapted for teaching women who are not in their first youth—not quite as slender as they used to be, and very nervous. As one of his (elderly) pupils said to me, "My dear, he would make a bundle of nerves with a skin on a first-rate rider!" His name is Smith, and he is to be found at the Trafalgar Bicycle Club, Fulham Road, S.W. I am not exactly a "bundle of nerves," but I am thinking of learning from him. I am told that cycling is so good for people who are obliged to sit for hours indoors every day with but little fresh air for their lungs. If any one of my readers would like some hints upon

Economical Cookery.

she would do well to expend a penny upon the *Woman's Signal* for Dec. 17, and to turn to p. 398. Now don't write to me for the address of the *Woman's Signal*, but ask your newsgate to get you a copy.

The Threepenny Novels.

started this month by the eminent firm of George Routledge and Sons, Limited, form a most welcome New Year's gift to the public. Clearly printed on good paper, and enclosed in fancy wrappers, these Threepenny Novels—the authors' complete and copyright editions—mind—will unquestionably be in great demand,

and deservedly popular. Each novel will have no less than 192 pages! The eight novels to be issued by Messrs. Routledge in January from their London (at the Broadway, Ludgate Hill), Manchester, and New York establishments are—1, Lord Lytton's "A Strange Story" (copyright); 2, Dickens's "Hard Times"; 3, Grant's "Scottish Cavalier"; 4, Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame"; 5, Charles Lever's "Jack Hinton"; 6, Samuel Lover's "Hindy Andy"; 7, Ainsworth's "Old St. Paul's"; 8, Captain Marryat's "Peter Simple."

The "Recipes and Hints"

I commended to housewives last week will be found exceedingly useful in the kitchen, I may repeat. But pray do not add to the burdens of the enterprising editor of the *Fish Trade Gazette* by applying to him for copies. I hear my little notice has caused him to be inundated with applications for the book (a hint to advertisers); and has drawn from him an explanation that he cannot supply the public with copies from his office. All applications for "Recipes and Hints" should be made to the nearest fishmonger or poulterer, who will furnish you with copies gratis. Mr. E. F. Hyde informs me.

The Rigours of Winter

make a glass of wholesome whisky toddy very acceptable to most of us o' nights. If I were asked to commend one whisky more than another, I should plump for Pattison's good mellow Scotch whisky. Distillers of deserved repute, Messrs. Pattison, Limited, own the Glenfarclas Glenlivet Distillery, Ballindalloch, and Aultmore Glenlivet Distillery, Keith, large blending establishments in Leith, and warehouses in London. The pure and palatable whisky of Pattison's is a public boon. MARGUERITE.

In the Moonlight.

She smiled at me as she swiftly passed—
Over the handle-bar—
That sunny smile was the maiden's last—
Over the handle-bar—
She cannoned hard on a naughty stone,
Then took a header she couldn't postpone,
And her twinkling heels in the moonlight shone—
Over the handle-bar.

She: "George dear, the engagement ring you gave me has E. C. engraved on it. I hope you were never engaged before."

He: "Never, darling! E. C. stands for—um—er—well, that means eighteen carat."

Boundary: "I am very sorry Miss Rose-bud is out. You won't forget to mention that I called." L. Experienced Housemaid: "No, indeed, Sir, I'll run straight upstairs now and tell her."

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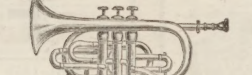
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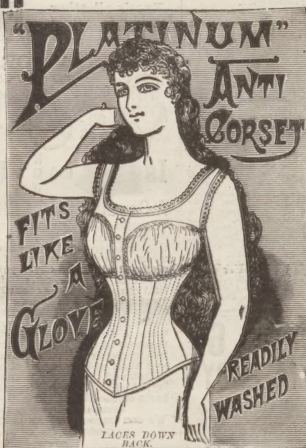
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